

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 13, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

LADIES' DAY
(See Page 12)

WHY
THE DRAFT
MAKES OUR
YOUNG MEN

Angry





Frank Phillips* who sells television,
Judges whiskey with careful precision.

"The **difference** you'll see

In a taste test," says he...

And **Calvert** will win the decision!



*FRANK PHILLIPS, Philadelphia, Pa., television dealer, has switched to Calvert because he prefers its *smoother, mellower* taste.

How to pick the whiskey you **really** like best:



1. **SNIFF!** Compare the bouquet of Calvert with any other whiskey you choose, *without knowing which is which*. It's best to use ¼-oz. samples in making this 60-second test.



3. **CHOOSE!** Simply pick the whiskey that *really* tastes better to you. We honestly believe you'll choose Calvert, because its finer taste is determined by scientific taste tests made by thousands of folks like you. But—after testing—if you still prefer another brand, stick with it. *Fair enough?*



2. **TASTE!** Sip each whiskey and carefully judge the difference in *smoothness and mellowness*. Swallow slowly to compare freedom from bite, burn or sting.



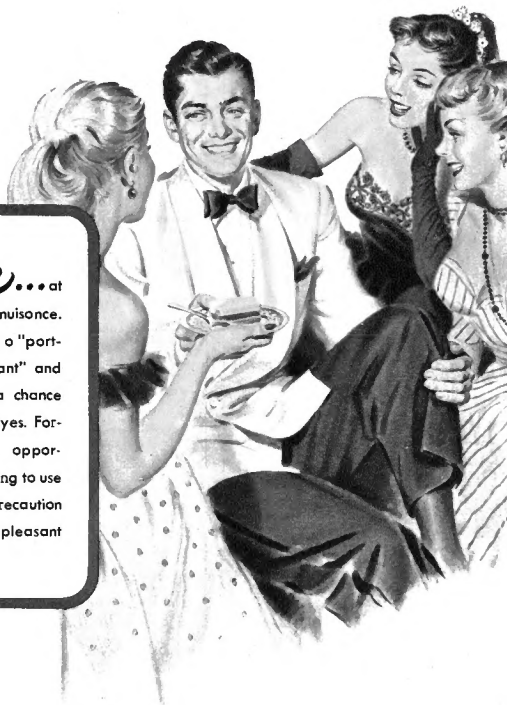
Compare
...and you'll switch to
Calvert

He was a nuisance at 8 but he wowed 'em at 10



Sure....at

eight o'clock he was a nuisance. He had put his trust in a "port-time breath deodorant" and it wore off! Then, a chance remark opened his eyes. Fortunately, he had an opportunity that same evening to use the extra-careful precaution against halitosis (unpleasant breath).



Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN CHLOROPHYLL

FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

WHY let halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic is such a wonderful, *extra-careful* precaution against it? Listerine Antiseptic is the proven precaution that countless popular people rely on to keep them on the pleasant, agreeable side.

Clinically Proven Four Times Better

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic and oral bad breath is stopped. Instantly! Delightfully! And usually for hours on end. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. A nationally known, independent research labo-

ratory reports: Listerine Antiseptic averaged at least four times more effective in reducing breath odors than three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes . . . stopped bad breath up to six hours and more. That is, up to three to four times longer than any of the tooth paste or chlorophyll products by actual test!

No chlorophyll, no tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, Listerine instantly kills millions of the very mouth germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . .

the kind that begins when germs start tiny food particles to fermenting in the mouth. No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So, when you want that *extra assurance* about your breath, trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the proven, germ-killing method that so many popular, fastidious people rely on. Make it a part of your passport to popularity. Use it night and morning and before every date. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Missouri.



THE EXTRA-CAREFUL PRECAUTION AGAINST BAD BREATH . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Neckband can't sag!



Munsingwear T-shirt

**NYLON-reinforced to
keep its shape forever!**

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for men . . . have bought millions
of Munsingwear T-Shirts!
That's because the patented*
Nylon-reinforced neckband
stays trim and handsome for the
long life of the garment. In
white and all popular shades.
Get several today!

for men \$1.50 • for boys \$1.25



pull it...



stretch it...



wash it...



wear it...

...it holds its shape forever!

*U. S. Pat. No. 2,511,685

Munsingwear

FOR COMFORT AND FIT IT MUST BE KNIT

At better stores or write Munsingwear, Inc.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Manufactured and sold in Canada by
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September 13, 1952

ARTICLES

Date with the Cubs.....	COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA	12
Why the Draft Makes Our Young Men Angry.....	HOWARD WHITMAN	15
He Likes to Give Money Away.....	BILL DAVIDSON	19
The Voice of "Hate America".....	SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON	24
Heigh-Ho, Come to the County Fair.....		36
A Mink's-Eye View of Hollywood.....	ARTHUR MARX	38
Poultry's Popular.....	HARRY BOTSFORD	44
Now Everybody Likes Mountain Music.....	BILL STAPLETON and PETER KALISCHER	70
It's Hard-Ridin', Two-Gun Football, Partner!.....	BILL FAY	74

FICTION

Bodacious Blonde.....	ROBERT DEXTER NEFF	30
Elimination Race.....	JOHN D. MacDonald	48
Pigs Have Wings.....	P. G. WODEHOUSE	54
(PART FIVE OF SIX PARTS)		
A Gift for Teresa.....	CLARA L. PARKS	64
To Be.....	WILLIAM KINGSFORD	73
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)		

Week's Mail.....		6
48 States of Mind.....	WALTER DAVENPORT	8
Sunday Papers.....	CHARLES D. PEARSON	10
Editorials.....		78
Cover.....	STANLEY EKMAN	

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely
imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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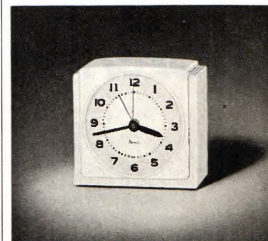
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"alarm" calls you *silently*. First call
is a blinking light; later joined by
audible alarm. \$9.95. With luminous
dial, Moonbeam is one dollar more.



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Westclox
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high. His clear-toned bell alarm has
a cheerful call. \$4.35. With lumi-
nous dial, Bantam is \$5.00.

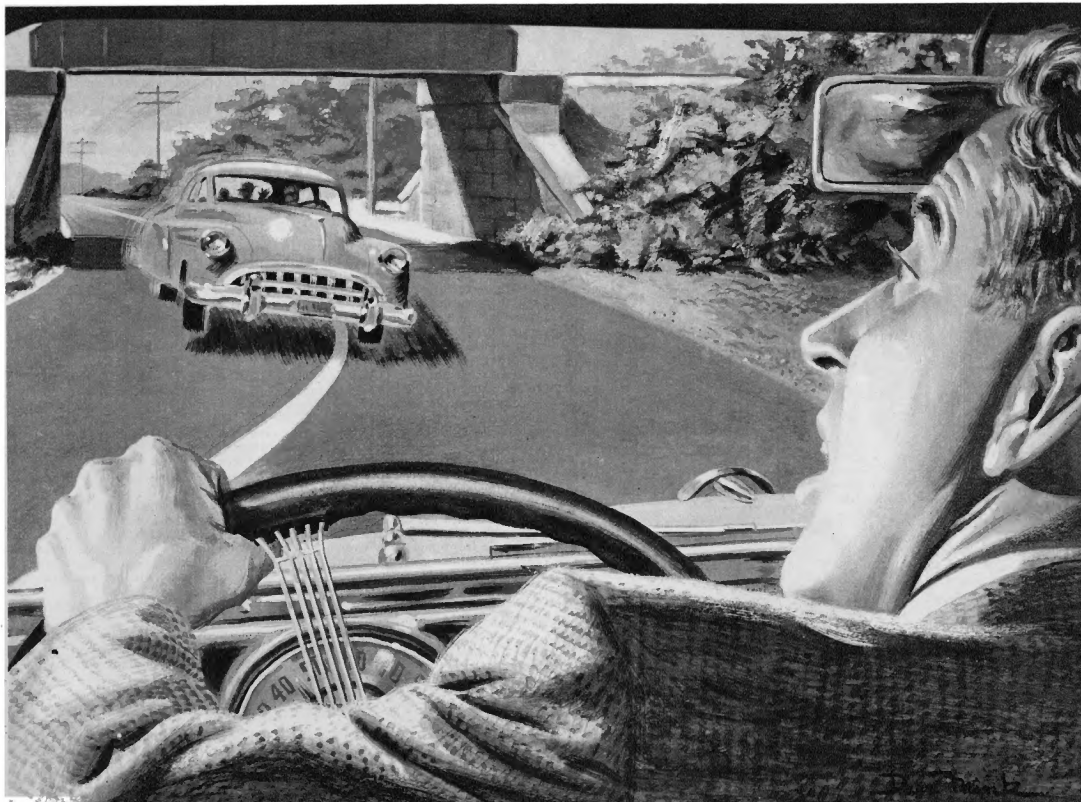
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Made by the Makers of Big Ben

PRODUCTS OF **GT** GENERAL TIME CORPORATION



Nearly 150,000 accidents occurred in 1951 because one car was on the wrong side of the road. *Don't be a "road hog". Drive carefully!*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

IF YOU DRIVE carefully, why should you have to pay high auto insurance rates because of the reckless driving of others?

You don't, if you're insured with State Farm Mutual. State Farm aims to insure *only* careful drivers. Careful driving means fewer accidents... fewer claims. And this, combined with other State Farm economies, is saving more than 2,300,000 State Farm members many dollars a year on their auto insurance.

If your own careful driving entitles you to State Farm's low-cost, "careful driver" insurance, it will pay you to see your State Farm agent. Look up "State Farm" in your classified phone book.

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1. *Semi-annual premium payments.* Wouldn't it be easier on your budget to pay for your automobile insurance in two small payments each year, rather than in one lump sum? Advanced State Farm billing and bookkeeping practices make this possible

for State Farm members—at no increase in cost.

2. *Mutual benefits.* State Farm is a mutual company. Savings from low claim costs and high operating efficiency are passed on to members, who actually own the company, in the form of low insurance rates. On the other hand, State Farm policies are non-assessable. You never pay more than the established rate for any period.

3. *Fast, fair claim settlement.* More than 6,500 State Farm agents and claim representatives stand ready, day or night, to come to your aid in case of accident. State Farm cuts red tape—pays an average of one claim every 12 seconds, every working day.

4. *Established leadership.* State Farm now writes more full-coverage automobile insurance than any other company, with more than 2,300,000 members in the auto company alone. And new applications for State Farm insurance are coming in on an average of 2,000 every working day!

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The same sound management and advanced operating practices that keep State Farm auto insurance rates low also offer you excellent life and fire protection through the State Farm Life Insurance and State Farm Fire and Casualty Companies. See your agent.

State Farm Insurance Companies

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company
State Farm Life Insurance Company
State Farm Fire and Casualty Company



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CARTER'S TRIGS BRIEFS with New Neva-Vex® Front

- Individual male fit... with mild support. Never too snug. Trigs are the only briefs designed to adjust to your body.
- No sag or ride-up anywhere.
- Fore and aft comfort; seamless seat for complete wrinkle-free coverage.
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- Nylon-Set neckband... won't sag out of shape.
- Deluxe Nevabind® Sleeve... no tug, bind or chafe.
- Long tails stay put, won't bunch up at your belt.

THEY'RE ALL *Carter-Set* *... won't shrink out of fit. Fine cotton knits need no ironing.

TRIGS BRIEFS—for Dads, \$1.10—\$1.25—for Lads, 89¢
SUPER T-SHIRTS—for Dads, \$1.50—for Lads, \$1.25
and ATHLETIC SHIRTS—for Dads, 95¢—\$1.00—for Lads, 69¢—85¢ ➤

Pass! Carter's makes fine underwear for the entire family!

The William Carter Co., Needham Heights 94, Mass.



The Cover

Even the frustrated hallplayer watching the foul fly sail out of reach in Stan Ekman's painting must admit that the Ladies' Day fan with the shopping bag is enjoying a real hargain matinee. Not only

is our cover girl watching the game as a guest of the management, but she's about to capture a \$3.25 baseball—and without bruising her hands. For photo views of Ladies' Day at Wrigley Field, see page 12.

Week's Mail

New Look

ERROR: I was delighted to discover in your July 26th issue an improvement in make-up, that, if it becomes a trend, will add more to the comfort of man than, say, the pop-up toaster. This is nothing more than the elimination of the "jump over," the "(continued on page 65)," so that the magazine may be read in natural order, as it should be.

Some magazines—not Collier's—seem to carry this device to extremes, jumping for the sake of the jump, landing the end of one story in the middle of another, a sort of game of literary leapfrog.

It is true that this irritating process has never been so burdensome in magazines as it is in newspapers, which for difficulty in reading easily vie with the conventional typography of the Bible. In any case it is a job to fold and refold a newspaper even without the necessity of trailing a front-page story over into the back, sometimes into the second section—confusion worse confounded.

It must be obvious that not only is this new format of Collier's easier to read; it is also a darn' sight better-looking book.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS,
New York, N.Y.

... Congratulations! All magazines should follow your recently adopted policy of discontinuing that "continued on page so-and-so."

VIRGINIA M. CLEMONS, Portsmouth, Va.

... Self-contained articles with more of your wonderful color photos is a great step of progress.

T. H. SHARPE, Newark, N.J.

... I have been reading Collier's for some 40 years, but your issue of July 26th takes the cake.

COL. C. FREN WARD, Winter Park, Fla.

... Count this as at least two votes to keep Collier's features and stories as they were printed for July 26th.

MR. AND MRS. VINCENT SCHNEIDER,
Sun Prairie, Wis.

... Magazines that put the ends of stories in the back (particularly when in small type) along with the smaller advertisements make me think of a small boy who washes his face and forgets his neck and ears.

I think the more uniform spread of material is much more convenient for the readers and gives a better break to the advertisers.

Please keep it up.
MARSHALL C. SMITH, Moylan, Pa.

... You have started something which all your readers will appreciate and you should have a veritable flood of complimentary letters because of this change.

I have been reading Collier's since 1903.

C. H. HANNUM,
Holidaysburg, Pa.

Narcotics

EDITOR: May I commend your article by Lila Leeds (Narcotics Ruined Me, July 26th). We have had an unexpected discovery of girl narcotic addicts in this city and Lila Leeds's warning may act as a deterrent to those who are still able to quit.

I regret that Lila seems to have taken the hard knocks, especially in the loss of screen work, while her companion, Mitchum, escaped with a few days in jail.

ALLEN ROY ELVANS,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

... Narcotics Ruined Me, by Lila Leeds (July 26th), was not only a tragic story but one which took plenty of courage to tell. I sincerely feel that she should have the chance to resume her career.

Others have made mistakes too and have been allowed to return to their work, so why not her? She has hurt no one but herself. A helping hand now is what she deserves and I, for one, hope she receives it.

MRS. J. I. JOHNSON, Bloomfield, Cal.

... Narcotics Ruined Me was a sordid story as a whole, but such a subject calls for exactly such treatment, with no punches pulled. I am sure I am not alone in praying that God gives her the strength to carry out her resolution to "cease and desist."

MAX REYNOLDS, Aurora, Ill.

... You most certainly will answer for this article in dozens of teen-age addicts, perhaps hundreds, perhaps thousands.

The fact that your article preaches a small and insincere sermon at the end of it does not justify such a betrayal of the public as is constituted in the story.

To say that I am surprised is an understatement. To say that I am disappointed in your magazine is also a mild understatement. To say that I despise and detest the two authors, the one for releasing such an intimate story to the public, and the other for writing it, is a sorry way of expressing myself.

WILL D. FRALEY, Chelsea, Okla.

... Are you trying to develop a million more Lila Leedses in this country with your detailed and minute account of how to take various kinds of dope? Any teenager could pick up your article and follow these instructions!

MRS. J. S. SPAID, Syracuse, N.Y.

Collier's wonders if its protesting readers believe that a detailed newspaper account of a murder or holdup automatically sets off a wave of killings and robberies. It also wonders how these protesting readers can assume that anyone who has read Miss Leeds's account of suffering and struggle would find the idea of using narcotics attractive or "glamorous."

Photo-Journalism

EDITOR: Although Roland Patterson, as a fellow magazine photographer, is a competitor of mine, I'd like to congratulate him and Collier's for Summer Storm (July 26th).

By running fine Collier's Color Camera spreads such as Summer Storm you are hastening the demise of the stiffly posed picture, as evil in photo-journalism as is the stiffly turned phrase in writing.

The camera is capable of great art, but it needs the viewing gallery only a magazine with good picture sense can provide. Keep it up.

ARTHUR SHAY, Des Plaines, Ill.

Collier's for September 13, 1952



Here today... there today... home today, too

Time was when the man who traveled for a living enjoyed precious few hours of home life. But that was before TWA became such a good family friend. Nowadays, the traveling businessman is rarely separated by more than a few pleasant Constellation Skyliner hours from those he holds near and dear. And the same convenient TWA schedules that let him start later and arrive fresher at his distant point of call . . . help him get home oftener and earlier as well.



Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS . . .

FLY TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
U.S.A. • EUROPE • AFRICA • ASIA



NOW! TWA TRANSATLANTIC SKY TOURIST CONSTELLATIONS FROM NEW YORK TO: LONDON \$270—PARIS \$290—FRANKFURT \$313.10—ZURICH \$313.10—HOME \$397.20



For the softest walk in leather try Florsheim Shoes with Flexole Cushion Insole

Slip into a pair; from the first delightful minute 'til the last money-saving mile you'll walk in shoe comfort you never dreamed was possible! Picture an insole so soft your foot seems actually to float, not walk; yet so resilient, it will not pack down, bunch, or lose its buoyant life! Try a pair; you'll forget your feet because Florsheim thought of Flexole.



The COMMANDER, S-1417, tan calf, straight tip, with Flexole; in black, S-1416.

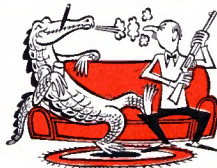
The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Scornfully we refused to pay two bits to enter the carnival side show to see a man the barker said was "living without a brain." We saved our money by standing out on the highway and watching the hot rods go by.

Florida's State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is granting permission to residents to shoot any and all



IRWIN CAPLAN

"insolent alligators" that invade their homes. We hear a rumor that an open season also will be declared this winter on arrogant hotel clerks.

Viper situation in Hollywood causing deep anxiety. While filming *Serpent of the Nile*, and needing one of the creatures to drape around Cleopatra's (Rhonda Fleming) neck, producer Sam Katzman discovered there wasn't a viper in town. Un-American Activities Committee must have done a better and more thorough job than we thought.

A benign but benighted Los Angeles lady of what we always gallantly refer to as the serene middle years was recently viewing an exhibit of paintings by the second-year pupils of a resolutely advanced primary school. Lady paused before a particularly uninhibited garble to ask the young artist what it meant. "Our art," replied the little genius, "is not meant to be understood by our convention-strangled elders."

Yes, we agree with you that there is very little if any excuse for it, but a New Hampshire newspaper came right out and reported that the comments by a Miss Granite on the political situation were greeted with stony silence.

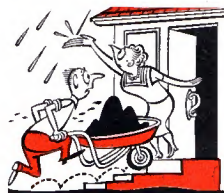
Old 48 is not yet prepared to tell you who'll be our next President. However, we may start eliminating candidates who do not seem at the moment to be getting anywhere much. There's Mr. Fred C. Proehl, for example. Mr. Proehl, a Seattle grocer, is the Greenback party nominee, an estimable gentleman with a somewhat intricate government finance theory which baffles us more than somewhat. Then there's Brigadier General Herbert C. Holdridge, retired West Pointer, who's running placidly on the Vegetarian party ticket. We hear that Henry B. Krajewski, standard bearer of the Poor Man's party has taken to his bed physically exhausted, and we hope he recovers soon. The Prohibitionists have nominated Mr. Stuart Hamblen,

who campaigns with songs on his lips—cowboy songs at that, cowboys having ever been famous for their hatred of strong drink. And Mr. Edward A. Teichert is running for the Socialist Laborites—in vain, we fear. That fine Quaker and lawyer, Mr. Darlington Hoopes, is the hope of the Socialist party, and Mr. Farrell Dobbs, a labor organizer, has been aimed at the White House by the Socialist Workers, a sort of Trotskyite outfit which polled 9,005 votes in 1948. Please don't confuse the Socialist Workers with the Socialist Laborites, although we do know how you're going to avoid it. Mr. Vincent Hallinan, a California lawyer who has a prison record for contempt, is the Progressive party's candidate nevertheless. There are probably many others, whom we've lost track of, but we'll conclude this roundup with Mr. James S. Greenlee, a Mississippi-born Californian, who's just a-runin'. No particular party—just runnin'. And we wish him the best of luck. The Communists didn't nominate anybody at all this time. The whole Communist party seems to be runnin'. But strictly underground.

Friend of ours asked the campaign manager of an aspirant to the legislature in South Carolina how his man was doing. "Better than we had any call to expect," said the statesman's manager. "I ain't sure yet whether we're a poor fifth or a strong sixth."

Pentagon general answering his phone told the caller that no, his wife was not at home. Wouldn't be home for a week. She'd gone to New York on fall military maneuvers.

While we were wringing our hands in dismay and wondering what to say about a bit of chilling information fresh out of the United States Department of Agri-



culture, Mr. Olin Miller of Atlanta, said it. Information: More than one half our land has lost one half of its topsoil since 1776. What Mr. Miller said: "It's a serious mistake to leave the soil out in the weather all the time."

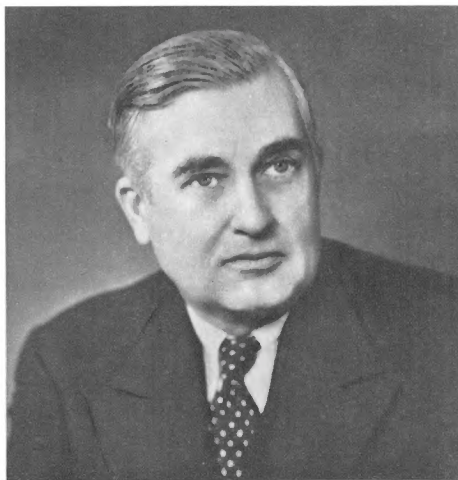
Mr. Phil Glantz of Ypsilanti, Michigan, reports sympathetic understanding for the Fort Thomas, Kentucky, man who claims he was knocked unconscious by a bag of mail. "This happens to me on the first of every month," says Mr. Glantz, "leaving me not only insensible but insolent."

▲▲▲



MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

World-famous wife and mother; Senior United States Representative of the United Nations General Assembly; author, radio and television commentator; internationally respected and admired for her interest in, and understanding of, all peoples.



HONORABLE CHARLES EDISON

Son of the late Thomas A. Edison; former Assistant Secretary and then Secretary of the Navy; former Governor of New Jersey; guiding force as officer and/or director in many nationally known civic, educational and industrial organizations.



MR. RUPERT HUGHES

Author, playwright, producer, poet, biographer, composer; chief assistant editor of the 25-volume History of the World published by Encyclopaedia Britannica; veteran of two world wars; Hollywood writer, Doctor of Letters, director and commentator.

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Americans can afford any
type of hearing aid
at any price. They wear
the seventy-five dollar
Zenith hearing aid.



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"... I think the system of adjusting collision claims employed by your office is unique and extremely effective, and reflects alert management. ... I wanted you to know that members of the ... bar association thoroughly appreciate an office that has an intelligent and efficient approach to adjusting problems ..."

Law firm—Wisconsin

**"HARDLY A DAY PASSES THAT YOU
DON'T TRY TO PAY ME MONEY!"**

"I have had a lot of troubles with insurance companies—that is, for other people. But I have never had troubles like this before. Because I have a claim against you, you hardly let a day pass that you are not trying to pay me the money ... I surely do appreciate your promptness and your courtesies in this matter."

Law partner—Missouri

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the America Fore Insurance
men in your locality. For his
name call Western Union (by
number). Ask for Operator 25.**

**Original letters on file in our home office.*

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the
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AMERICAN EAGLE • FIDELITY and CASUALTY**
INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR POLICIES

America Fore
-INSURANCE GROUP-

Sunday Papers

By CHARLES D. PEARSON



"Read us the funnies, Daddy"



"Just a minute. I want to glance at that ad"



"No, mister, this is not Brady's Service Station!"



"It's Jack—he wants to borrow your stepladder"



"Why, I just picked up a paper. I didn't know it was today's sports section"



"But it's only on to get the right time"

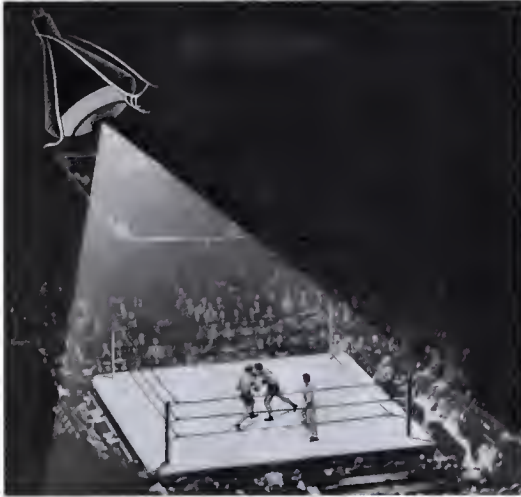


"Look how Robby can throw the ball, Daddy"



"Why don't you ever stay at home with your family?"

Buying TV? These facts about Sparton Cosmic Eye will help you get your money's worth!



1 YOU BUY television to see the sparkling parade of musicals, dramas, sports and public events you'd like to attend in person. So your *best* television buy is the instrument that is the *best* substitute for your eye. And that's the standard we had in mind in perfecting Cosmic Eye Television: to bring you reception so steady, clear and true it's like having an eye in the sky! Here is *realistic* television.



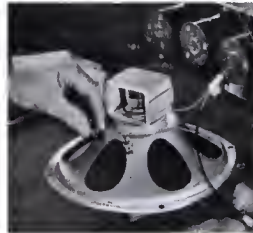
2 YOU WOULDN'T sit in a movie where the picture flips and flops. And TV is like a movie in your home. Such Sparton features as Cosmic Eye Picture-Lock, which grips the picture tight, and big screens give relaxed, strainless viewing. When you see a super-bargain price in a local TV sale, chances are you'll pay in fewer features, poorer performance.



3 WHETHER YOU live in a fringe area or near the station, the Sparton Ultra-Range Tuner, heart behind Sparton's brilliant tuning, *pulls* in more picture into the powerful chassis. Simple addition of tuning strip adapts the U-R Tuner to UHF reception. No attachments!



4 YOU'LL WANT trouble-free performance, too, to avoid both high service costs and the annoyance of missing shows when your set is out of order. Sparton attention to *detail* assures one of the finest sets money can buy. Talk to TV servicemen. See why Spartons so seldom need servicing!



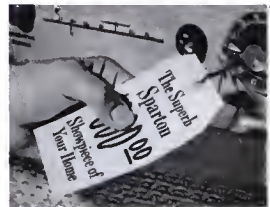
5 COSMIC EYE Television inherited the famous Sparton tone, "Radio's Richest Voice." Since 1926, Sparton speakers are electronic jewels. When shopping Sparton, close your eyes and concentrate on the tone. It's rich, resonant, true to the picture. Here's perfect reception for your *ear* as well as eye.



6 TELEVISION should be fine furniture, too. Sparton makes its own cabinets, is one of the few manufacturers who do. Once a famous piano factory, the Sparton plant at Steger, Illinois, is staffed with furniture craftsmen who have spent a lifetime working with costly woods, fine grains and finishes.



7 WHETHER YOU choose a console or table model, there is a Sparton to blend beautifully with your present furniture grouping. No garish styling in this smart line! Sleek, smooth, unobtrusive Sparton models are finished in mahogany veneers, limed oak or blonde; feature authentic modern or traditional cabinets.



8 SPARTON PRICES are another "feature." Sparton sells direct to dealers, saves distribution costs. The savings go into the engineering extras that give the superb, long-lived Sparton performance. One specially chosen dealer in a community or shopping area handles this reputable line. For your TV money's worth, see your Sparton dealer now!



The Sparton
Crestwood



The Sparton
Carrington



The Sparton
Gilmore

THE SUPERB

Sparton cosmic eye television

SHOWPIECE OF YOUR HOME

Sparton Radio-Television, Jackson, Michigan. Makers of fine electronic equipment since 1900. Also Sparton of Canada, Ltd.; Sparton Automotive Division; Steger Furniture Co.; divisions of The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Mich.



Surprised lady "oohs" over a strike



This well-fortified rooter sits protected against the weather—he it sun or rain



Yelling fan proudly wears Cub cap



Ladies' Day guests of the management at Wrigley Field, Chicago, shudder as the home team runs into trouble. But all ended well as Cubs beat Phillies, 3-2

The Cubs score and the ladies scream lustily



Baby is happy with its bottle; mother is intent on the game



Ladies' Day in Chicago brings out all ages





For lady fans, as with men, no souvenir can equal going home with a baseball



WGN-TV's Jack Brickhouse greets singer Peggy Murdock of WIND

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

DATE WITH THE CUBS

HAT rattled and score card in hand, the irate lady charged up to the receptionist and demanded to see the president of the Chicago Cubs. "I was on my way to the Addison Street 'L' station," she cried bitterly, "when suddenly I was swept up in a crowd of frantically rushing women. The next thing I knew, I was watching a game in Wrigley Field instead of shopping at Marshall Field's."

In recalling this sidelight of an early Ladies' Day at their ball park, Cub officials like to believe they would have garnered a new fan instead of a complaint if only the home team had won the game. "Our women rooters are so loyal," says one grateful executive, "I feel sure they would rather pay and see us win than get in for nothing and see us lose."

The great affection of women fans toward the Cubs stems in large part from the chivalry of the club to the fair sex. While the Chicago entry in the National League was not the first to set aside hargain days for ladies—the custom dates back to the late 19th century and is credited to several teams—the Cubs have emphasized them more than any other club. Instead of scheduling Ladies' Days sporadi-

cally or for poor attractions only, the Cubs have 14 a year—two with each visiting team from pennant contender to cellar dweller. For these games an average of about 10,000 women enter the ball park free of charge, and each is entitled to a grandstand seat (usual price: \$1.25).

Despite the presence of thousands of paying male fans, Wrigley Field on every Ladies' Day assumes a thoroughly feminine air. The ladies, who range from teen-agers to grandmothers, chatter, knit, apply make-up and even nurse babies during the game. Cub-happy hobby soxers tape the names of their favorite players onto their jeans. The autograph-seeking crowd that moshes the player entrance is always bigger and shriller than normal.

Nevertheless, the Chicago players are quick to admit that they enjoy Ladies' Day. "There's a lot of shrieking and screaming, but you know the women are behind you on every play," says manager Phil Cavarretta, who has been with the team since 1934. So saying, he verifies an old Chicago maxim: when the ladies have a date with the Cubs, everybody has a good time. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Cub Coach Roy Johnson finds car mobbed at ball park by eager autograph seekers



A teen-age fad is to letter favorite player's name on clothes

Young and old seek veteran pitcher Dutch Leonard's signature



HUDSON HORNET

Scores Sweeping Stock Car Successes Using Dependable

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

(1952 Record through July 13th)



26 VICTORIES IN 30 STARTS



Meet Mr. M. H. Tancray, Chief Engineer, HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.

"CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS have been standard equipment on Hudson Motor Cars for over twenty years. We know we can depend on Champions for top performance, economy of operation and long life, both on the highway and on the track."



HERB THOMAS, 1951 Stock Car Racing Champion, NASCAR Grand National Circuit

"The Hudson Hornet and CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS have teamed up to make a winning combination in stock car racing. I know, for that's my team! I use stock Champions, the same as those sold by your Hudson dealer or service station."

The record-breaking success of the Hudson Hornet in strictly stock car competition in 1952—as well as in 1951—is a tribute to the handling qualities, ruggedness, dependability and safety in-built in Hudson's step-down design.

Each car must be certified as strictly stock and identical with one you can purchase from your local dealer.

Here, as in racing of all types, Champion Spark Plugs are unchallenged for top performance and dependability. For not only have they been in the winning Hudsons, but in other victorious stock cars in many other events.

All of these cars, regardless of make or year, have used the standard type Champions recommended for that car. Here's solid proof that the Champions for your own car are tops in performance and dependability.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS
USE THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE
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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
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Why the Draft Makes Our Young Men Angry

By HOWARD WHITMAN



Under the present system, marriages are disrupted, careers are wrecked, lives damaged. There's a solution, which is liked by both the Army and its draftees. But what's being done about it?

IN FIGURING out the best way to raise an armed force to keep America safe, Washington has asked everybody's opinion except that of the people most concerned: the young men themselves. As a result, we have a hodgepodge. It doesn't please the Army. It definitely doesn't please the young men. It is pulling young lives apart, disrupting careers, playing favorites and wrecking marriages.

The draft of men eighteen-and-a-half to twenty-six years old for a two-year hitch, with the oldest taken first, stems from the thinking of Congressmen, politicians, educators and others who them-

selves are far above draft age. Why not ask the young men who must serve? It's their lives we are tinkering with.

At reception centers and replacement training centers, where young men fresh from civilian life are funneled into the Army, I talked with hundreds of draftees from every corner of America. There wasn't one who didn't want to serve his country. That wasn't the gripe. The big gripe, as one soldier summed it up, was, "Can't we serve our country without getting our lives messed up? Why can't the draft make sense?"

The young men didn't stop at that. With sur-

prising unanimity, they suggested a simple, logical system by which America could have its defense force and still give a better deal both to the Army and to those who go into it.

At Fort Meade, Maryland, James Brown was just rolling up his civvies after getting into a uniform. He was twenty-five. Just two more months and he would have turned twenty-six and been undraftable. Brown had been married for six years. He had made a nice start in aircraft engine mechanics, in fact had just gone to work for North American Aviation after spending 16 months in Inglewood, California, schooling himself for a special license

Collier's, September 13, 1952

The men whose lives are directly involved boil the problem down to this: At what

at a cost of \$735. "I just got my license, I just got my job—now I'm drafted," said he. "It fouls up your whole life, after you work so hard to get everything set."

Brown wriggled his feet in their new Army boots. "I don't mind it too much. You know what I mean—a fellow serves his country," he said. "But I'd sure rather have gone before I got married. A man wants to settle down and feel secure."

In Bremer, Iowa, Harold Pries was drafted at twenty-four, after four years of marriage and eight years of employment in a machine shop. "In 1946, when I really was the right age—and I wasn't married yet—they gave me an occupational deferment. I wish they had taken me then," Pries said. Because of the forced separation, Pries's wife, Doris, has gone to work in a cannery in Waverly, Iowa.

A Good Start With a Produce Route

In Louisville, Kentucky, the days of the uneasy peace saw Norbert Rehm get a start in the produce business. At only twenty, he had worked up a route, put out \$3,700 for a truck and was talking to a young lady named Joyce Mercer about marriage. Well, I met Rehm in an Army camp. The draft had put an end to the produce route, the truck and—at least for a while—the marriage.

"I never expected to be drafted, because I was essential to the business," he said, a bit bewildered. "When I left, the business folded. I've got a mother and two younger brothers dependent on me. I was the only breadwinner."

"I had to sell the truck—and I couldn't get more than \$1,700 for it. I had figured to keep it eight years to make it pay out—and now look."

Rehm concluded, "What I say is, you take a boy who's just out of high school and he's got nothing to lose. He's not doing anything anyway. Take me—if they drafted me at eighteen instead of now, I'd be out already."

I heard story after story like Rehm's: young men who finally, and often after great exertion, had got their start up the ladder, only to be yanked off. But even worse than messed-up careers were the disrupted marriages. In a time when marriage is unstable enough as it is, we should be doing our utmost to shore it up. Instead—

"We just got our furniture paid for three days before I got my induction papers," said Gerard Vetter, of Louisville, Kentucky. "We had to turn right around and put it in storage."

"I never expected to be drafted. We were married on June 4, 1950—that was before Korea," said Frederick Love, of Thornville, Ohio.

"I've been in the sportswear business seven years and been married for two years," said Marvin Wachnin, of Brooklyn, New York. "With this off-again, on-again picture in the world, my wife and I didn't know what to do. Finally we bought furniture and took an apartment. Then—I got drafted."

The draft had not been taking fathers (though a resurvey of dependency deferments had been suggested by Draft Director Lewis B. Hershey), yet I did meet several fathers and prospective fathers who were draftees. A technicality was involved. If a man could prove to the draft board that his wife was pregnant before he got his induction notice, he was deferred. If he couldn't prove it, or if his wife became pregnant later, the child was not grounds for deferment.

In the reception mess hall at Fort Meade, twenty-two-year-old Robert Sioletz, of Spring City, Pennsylvania, sat down to his first Army meal. He had arrived late at night, was still in his civvies. In his pocket he carried a doctor's certificate indicating that his wife was two months pregnant. Just 60 days ago he had been sent to take his preinduction examination. The exactitude of Selective Service had run up against the inexactitude of Mother Nature and, since Sioletz had been unable to nail down the matter before getting his induction notice—here he was. "It's left me so mixed up, I don't know what to do," the young man said between gulps of his reception meal. "We just finished building our own bungalow, and the baby's on the way, and—well, you see what the score is now."

Another victim of gestatory arithmetic was John



George Duvall, Kentucky

"I just finished planting 152 acres of corn one morning and got my draft notice the next"



Harold Pries, Iowa

"In 1946, when I wasn't married, they gave me a deferment. I wish they'd taken me then..."

Hood, whom I met at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Hood lives in McMinnville, Tennessee, and was married 13 months before he was drafted. Last January, his wife, Betty, thought she was pregnant, but when they went to the doctor he said he couldn't tell for sure—it was too early. February rolled around and Hood got his induction call. Then the doctor could tell for sure—but "it was too late. I was in."

So when I met Hood he was a soldier waiting to be a daddy. To young men who felt the Army was messing up their careers and their marriages, one always could ask: "Why didn't you volunteer at eighteen and get it over with?" Several pointed out that when they were eighteen there wasn't even any

draft; the Army was being demobilized head over heels. One youth remarked, "What do you want us to do, second-guess Washington? We don't want to figure out our next move on whether there's going to be war or peace. We want a uniform system, the same for everybody."

Then there were the fellows who actually did volunteer when they were young and foot-loose, but were turned down in the mercurial fluctuations of the hot-and-cold running war. Now, years later, they have been scooped up by a draft which makes it a point to take the oldest eligible men first ("to grab them before they reach their twenty-sixth birthday and slip through our fingers," as one Selective Service man put it).



Harley Ruesink, Minnesota

"It was the idea of waiting for that notice, never knowing when you were going to get it"



John Hood, Tennessee

"The doctor wasn't sure Betty was pregnant. When he was sure, it was too late. I was in"

Collier's for September 13, 1952

age is a man best fitted for the Army? For college? For marriage and a career?



James Otwaska, Wisconsin

"My marriage plans were wrecked. If they'd drafted me at eighteen, I'd be out by now..."



Henry Mueller, Ohio

"I was making more money than I ever did in my life. They got me eight years too late!"

"Why didn't they take me when I wanted to go?" asked at least a few men in every training company I visited.

There was Henry Mueller at the Aherdeen Proving Ground, Maryland. Mueller comes from Cincinnati, Ohio, and was drafted just eight weeks before his twenty-sixth birthday. The fact that he had just bought a new car indicates how little he expected to get into the service. And for good reason: Mueller had tried to join the Army during the shooting war, when he was eighteen. The Army turned him down. So did the Navy. At nineteen he tried again. He even had his teeth fixed and a plate made at his own expense. Again they turned him down.

It didn't make sense to Mueller. He shook his newly GI-hobbed head. "If I'm good enough now, why wasn't I good enough then? I was surprised when they drafted me. I couldn't believe it. Here I am, coming up to twenty-six years of age. I had a good job. I was making more money than I ever did in my life. They got me eight years too late."

As of May 1st, the date of the latest available tally, 206,893 men had been deferred from service so they could stay in college. They could keep getting a new deferment each year so long as they made satisfactory grades or passed the Selective Service College Qualification Test.

I found this wrinkle highly unpopular among the men in the GI barracks. Any one of them would

gladly have switched from Company B to English I. "Lots of those fellows go to college just to stay out," one soldier commented. "They take up studies they never intend to pursue." At Aherdeen, I talked with a couple of farm boys, Henry Kovash, of Manning, North Dakota, and Arthur Schmidt, of Adams, Nebraska.

"College deferments? No, I think my life is as important as anybody else's," Kovash said.

"If I couldn't get deferred for farming, why should some other guys get deferred for college?" said Schmidt, who was drafted off a 360-acre wheat farm. "Food is more important."

I talked with some boys at college who themselves were under student deferment. One, at the University of Kentucky, said, "Conscientiously, I don't approve of college deferments. I just took one because it was there. Sure, I've been working my way through college, but other fellows were working their way at something else—and they got drafted."

Deepest down in the hearts of the young men I met in the Army camps was the feeling that hurt most of all: the feeling of being kept on the hook ever since they left high school, of dangling in uncertainty and anxiety. "You don't know what to do. You can't plan. You turn this way and that. You talk it over with your folks, and they don't know what to do either. You just wait. You kill time. Boy, what a feeling that is!" said one soldier.

Nobody likes to be on tenterhooks. An officer at Aherdeen, agreeing with the young men, paraphrased a basic principle of psychology: "A man wants to know where he stands."

Did George Duvall, of Beaver Dam, Kentucky, know where he stood? "Gee, I just finished planting 152 acres of corn one morning and got my draft notice the next," he said as he stood on a steel trestle bridge his engineer company had just flung across a river at Belvoir. "Who's going to get that crop in? There's no one home to pick it."

Marking Time for Three "Dead Years"

"The dead years," Joe Bernecker called it—that period after a man's eighteenth birthday when he is on the hook, waiting and wondering, and going round and round the merry-go-round of when, as, if, and maybe. At home in Hinckley, Minnesota, young Bernecker just marked time, as so many other young men did, while three years withered away. He was graduated from high school in June, 1949, and was drafted in June, 1952.

"I wanted to buy a filling station and even had one third of the money saved up. But I figured I'd be drafted so I just marked time till the Army settled my future," he explained.

Insecurity is a grueling feeling. A young man is placed on a psychological griddle. He doesn't like it. Said Harley Ruesink, of Wykoff, Minnesota, "It was the idea of waiting for that notice and never knowing when you were going to get it. Not that being drafted is so terrible, but you never knew when it was coming."

The young men want to know when it's coming. They want, more than anything else, to be able to plan their lives. They want to serve their country in good season—when they are best fitted to do so; to start their careers in good season—when their careers will not be fouled up; and to marry in good season—when marriage will not mean disruption, separation, home-breaking. What is the answer?

It was on the lips of 95 per cent of the young men I talked to. They volunteered it. It is the system they've wanted all along but no one asked them. Hear them now:

Joe McSweeney, twenty-one, of Brockton, Massachusetts: "This way it messes up six years of your life—three years after high school before they take you, two years in, and one year getting set after you get out. They should make it just like a continuation of high school—take the fellows in at eighteen."

Jay Cross, twenty-one, of Monticello, Kentucky: "Get Army service over right after high school. Then, when you get a job you can keep it going, stay with it."

Joe Schirali, twenty-one, of Brooklyn, New



Joe McSweeney, Massachusetts

"They should make it just like a continuation of high school—take the fellows at eighteen"



Henry Kovash, North Dakota

"College deferments? No, I'm a farmer, and I think my life is as important as anybody's"

The Army agrees with the soldiers' maxim: "Get 'em in, get 'em out and get 'em all!"

York: "Equal service for everybody at eighteen—so when a guy gets married he can stay married, not go overseas and leave a bride at home."

James Otawaska, twenty-one, of Racine, Wisconsin: "My marriage plans were wrecked. If they'd drafted me at eighteen I'd be out by now. Instead I'm just starting."

A draft at eighteen, coming right after high school and forming a logical and foreseeable part of a man's life pattern, made sense to those whose own lives were involved. They wondered how the lawmakers in Washington and the lobbyists and the pressure groups had failed to see the wisdom of that plan. "I guess they weren't thinking of us—some of us aren't old enough to vote," one soldier said dryly.

With the intensity of men whose lives are directly involved, the soldiers boiled the problem down to this: At what age is a man best fitted for the Army? At what age is he best fitted for college? At what age is he best fitted for a career and marriage?

Rodney Heilman, twenty-two, of Campbellsville, Kentucky, remarked, "My brother, Phil, is just back from Korea and he says younger fellows make the best soldiers."

We don't have to take Phil's word for it. A Pentagon spokesman put it to me unequivocally: "Eighteen is the prime age for the soldier. He adjusts better to changing circumstances; he is affected least by home conditions; he takes the rigors of Army life better; he is at his maximum physical powers; and he has the highest recuperative abilities."

But isn't the eighteen-year-old just too young and

—well, too attached to Mom to go off to a man's Army? I kicked this around one night in a hull session under the trees at Belvoir.

"By eighteen a fellow ought to be away from his mother. The apron strings should be cut," one soldier said.

"Taking them into the Army won't hurt them. It'll help them," said another.

A sober-faced chap leaning against a tree said, "Okay, wise guys. But what are you going to do if Mom objects? Don't forget the womeo swiog a lot of weight in this country."

There was silence for a moment. Then the first soldier replied, "I can only say this—if a mother really had the welfare of her son at heart, she'd see it just as he does. It may be a sacrifice to her to see him go in at eighteen, but think of the sacrifice *he* makes if his career or his marriage is uprooted later on. Whose welfare are the women thinking of—their own, or their sons?"

As for college, it made sense to the young men to have college follow a hitch in the Army so that a man could prepare for his career and go straight into it. The soldiers made much of the fact that a boy just out of high school often doesn't know what he wants to do anyway; the Army would sober him, broaden his experience. Moreover, he would get more out of college later on. They cited the fact that GI veterans made better marks in the colleges than nonveterans after World War II.

One of the men I met at Fort Dix was Henry John Stander, nineteen, of Scarsdale, New York. He asked to be drafted. He came in as a "voluntary inductee" on July 1st after spending one year at

Cornell University. Stander said, "At Cornell I saw men who had been in the service. They were more worldly, more settled. They could study better. They knew what they wanted to do."

Dozens of soldiers cited the hard-to-answer proposition that during the very years a man goes downhill as a potential soldier he rises up as a potential scholar. It seemed logical, then, that college should follow military service rather than putting the cart before the horse.

It is no secret that much pressure for college deferments has come from the colleges themselves, frightened by low enrollments after the immediate postwar rush of GIs. They need fear no longer. For the heavy drafts of the 1950 Korean crisis are starting to come home and, what with the new GI Bill okayed by Congress in July, they'll be filling the colleges once more. What better time for a smooth transition to an eighteen-year-old draft?

Grim Lesson Taught by Korean War

Behind the attitude of the young men was a feeling shared by the nation as a whole and spelled out by Congress when, after allowing Selective Service to die in 1947, it re-enacted it in 1948: "... an adequate armed strength must be achieved and maintained to insure the security of this Nation." Two years later Korea underscored the statement.

The young men in the training camps agreed with Congress. But what, they asked, are we going to do, rush out and scramble up a fighting force every time somebody roots the statement.

Look at the figures: Our armed force stood at 600,000 before Pearl Harbor. We skyrocketed it to 14,000,000 for World War II. Then we shriveled it down to 1,500,000 before Korea. Now we're building it up to 3,700,000. As the National Security Training Commission reported to Congress, "The Nation has marched up and down the hill of preparedness, arming and disarming as the winds of international piracy blew hot and cold."

At Fort Meade, in a hull session just before bed check, one young man who was a bulider in civilian life said, "When you put up a building you make it strong enough to stand any storm. You don't wait until the wiods howl and then rush out to shore it up. That's how it ought to be with defense."

I spent several days in the Pentagon and found no one who stated the case more succinctly.

Actually, the Army desperately wants a steady force. Its business is to protect the nation—and it wants to do business in a way that makes sense. And what makes sense to the Army is quite the same as what makes sense to the young men themselves. The Army fully agrees that the time to train men is when they are eighteen. It fully agrees that all young men should be taken in to do their share, without favoritism. It doesn't want to break up their careers or their marriages. It wants to take them in a steady, predictable manner, and then let them go home and start living. The Army, in short, accepts the young men's own maxim—"Get 'em in, get 'em out, and get 'em all!"

"The way it is now, they can't plan—and we can't plan," an Army spokesman said.

The Army, since America advanced to world leadership in World War II, has steadily advocated some form of universal military training. Before Korea the nation turned a cold shoulder because it seemed that peace might be gained without strength. After Korea the nation knew otherwise. Congress in 1951 accepted the idea of UMT "in principle"—but so far has failed to implement it.

Meanwhile the marriages keep getting disrupted, the careers keep getting shattered, hundreds of thousands of young men keep dangling on the hook of uncertainty, and the wail is heard in every camp, "Why didn't they take me when I wanted to go?"

The last member of the military establishment I talked to was Frank Pace, Jr., Secretary of the Army. I told him what the young men wanted. And he replied, "If the men themselves want it, which they apparently do, and if the Army wants it—which it certainly does—then why don't we have it?"

I couldn't answer the question. Perhaps Congress can.

Collier's for September 13, 1952



Sigfrido Rivera, New York City, was taken although he's sole support of wife Carmen, baby Daniel. "Why couldn't they have drafted me when I was younger?"



Spanel, founder of \$30,000,000-a-year International Latex Corp., left Europe as child, started career as newsboy

HE LIKES TO GIVE MONEY AWAY

Industrialist A. N. Spanel spends almost \$1,000,000 each year on public service, mainly to make our children healthier. His company gets nothing in return—except a stronger America. “That’s well worth it,” he says

WITHOUT any warning, a strange disease appeared, a few years back, in the agricultural districts of Louisiana. Children suddenly swelled up and black patches appeared on their arms and legs, after which some children died. To the simple back-country folk, it seemed like a visitation of a Biblical plague.

In 1950, 19 cases were analyzed by the Department of Pathology at Tulane University, which concluded that the affliction might be similar to the dread kwashiorkor disease of Africa’s Gold Coast, an obscure and deadly malady.

The task of launching an extensive investigation into this relatively unknown affliction posed a staggering financial problem. Nevertheless, a few

Collier’s for September 13, 1952

By BILL DAVIDSON

months ago it was announced that two Tulane specialists, Dr. Ralph V. Platou and Dr. Fred Howard were about to start an exhaustive study. Medical observers, impressed with the enormity of the work and the thousands of dollars required for it, discreetly asked where the money was coming from. It was then that the most astonishing angle of the project came to light. The major sponsor was a manufacturer of ladies’ girdles and leakproof hahy pants—the International Latex Corporation of Dover, Delaware.

It is a long way from girdles to rare tropical diseases, and the combination becomes even more puzzling when you ask the reasonable question: “What’s in it for the company?” The answer, commercially speaking, is: “Nothing.”

Most corporations sponsoring medical research in this country are biological and chemical companies, whose products almost always can be related to the scientific advances their researchers pioneer; moreover, these firms generally take credit in advertising and publicity for any discoveries made by their grantees.

It is impossible to find any connection between medical research and International Latex’s products (which, besides girdles and hahy pants, include



latex-foam pillows, hatting caps, baby powder and a home haircutter). And it requires a strong magnifying glass to spot the company's name in announcements concerning the research programs it sponsors. It sponsors them for one simple reason: a desire to help humanity.

The Louisiana study is just one of many medical projects which owe their existence to this remarkable company. To date, without fanfare or advertising benefit to itself, International Latex has allocated \$647,000 for medical research, most of it in grants to the top infants-disease specialists in the nation's leading medical schools and hospitals, making it the largest private source of funds in the country for research in child health.

This research takes many forms. A few months ago, for instance, at New York's Montefiore Hospital, a group of men clustered around an operating table. On the table was an anesthetized dog, its chest cavity exposed for major surgery. While the animal was kept alive by an artificial heart device, Dr. Elliott S. Hurwitt, chief of the hospital's division of surgery, made an opening in the dog's heart. Then a motion-picture camera moved into place to make the first color films of the inner workings of a heart inside a living animal.

The camera's eye probed, searched and recorded phenomena never before seen by human beings. When the perspiring little group in the operating room was finished, a milestone of medicine had been passed. Surgeons, who grope about inside the heart by touch, now had specific knowledge of some of the workings of our most vital organ.

Scientific War on Childhood's Ills

One of the immediate effects of this new knowledge was to clarify greatly the technique of a rare operation which repairs young hearts crippled by rheumatic fever. As a result of other projects financed by International Latex, a host of other children's diseases, rare and common, are being attacked scientifically: iron deficiency anemia; egg-white allergy; blindness in premature babies; leukemia; infant diarrhea; cerebral palsy. The list is lengthy and varied.

What impels a great corporation to spend so much money in fields so foreign to its interests? The answer lies in the unorthodox character of the International Latex Corporation and its founder and chairman of the board, a fifty-one-year-old firebrand named A. N. Spanel, who came to this country from Odessa, Russia, via Paris, when he was seven years old.

By the time he was twelve, Spanel owned five newspaper routes in Rochester, New York, where his father had settled as a textile worker. By the time he was thirty-one, he had worked his way through three years of the University of Rochester (he never graduated) and had earned his first million dollars, by inventing an ingenious garment bag in which clothes could be aired and moth-proofed by means of a vacuum cleaner. Then, in the depths of the depression, Spanel founded the International Latex Corporation. In 20 years, he built the company into a \$30,000,000-a-year giant of American industry.

From the very beginning of his career, the fabulously Spanel developed a reputation for volatility. A stocky little man with bright blue eyes, an unruly shock of sandy hair and an earnest, boyish voice, he is a terror in business, keeping ahead of his opponents with new inventions and spectacular, unorthodox merchandising methods. He is as unorthodox in his dealings with his employees.

A few years ago, he suddenly stopped a sales meeting and solemnly went around with a hat, in which he asked all the salesmen to deposit their loose change. When the hat was filled, he walked over to an open window and tossed all the coins into the street. Then, while the salesmen stared in stunned silence, Spanel roared, "You probably

Pictures on these pages were taken at Boston Children's Hospital, which is doing research with Spanel funds. (L.), nurse Anne Tompkins checks on little Guy Keenan's medical record

has kept many in pediatrics research who otherwise would have quit for lack of funds

think what I just did is a waste of money. But it's nothing compared with the way you have been wasting your money by not making the most of your time in the field!"

Spanel was one of the first industrialists to provide all his workers with air conditioning, as well as paid health and life insurance and a profit-sharing plan. He goes out of his way to hire disabled veterans. Nobody knows how many widows and orphans of his late employees he is supporting, but it recently came to light that Spanel had unobtrusively set up a trust fund out of his own pocket for the five children of one of his workers who was killed in an automobile accident.

More Dignified Title for Janitors

One of his innovations was to rename his janitors "Captains of Cleanliness" (after asking himself, "Who wants to be called a janitor?"). He also installed a public address system throughout his plant (called Playtex Park); orating from his wood-paneled office in a high-pitched voice, Spanel, an excellent speaker, gives his employees daily reports on the firm's problems and progress. The PA system also enables him to explain national and world affairs to the workers while they are affixing garters to girdles.

Current events have always seemed just as important as girdles to Spanel; it was his interest in world affairs that first brought him to the attention of great numbers of Americans. In 1940, he became so upset at the activities of U.S. isolationists that he took ads in 22 papers to reprint an internationalist editorial from the New York Times. It lost him a lot of customers, mostly in the Middle West; but he followed up with a series of columns on the same subject by Dorothy Thompson.

After that, Spanel took to reprinting, in public-service advertisements, every editorial he considered important among the 70-odd publications he scans every day. If he couldn't find an editorial to coincide with his thinking, he occasionally wrote one himself. His reprints have ranged from vigorous arguments favoring increased teachers' salaries and tighter civil defense (both helped bring improvements) to a strong protest against what he saw as a lack of sportsmanship in the second Robinson-Turpin middleweight championship fight (which had no discernible effect on the conduct of subsequent pugilistic encounters).

In 1945, just after the atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, Spanel reprinted an editorial from the Washington Post, under the heading: "More Important Than Atomic Energy: Child

Health!" A few months later, he reprinted the same editorial, and his associates knew he was up to something. Shortly afterward, he set up the Spanel Foundation for Cancer Research, which quietly operates today in a modern laboratory on East Sixty-third Street in New York. But that still didn't satisfy him.

Spanel couldn't get the subject of health, especially child health, out of his mind. In his talks to his employees over the factory public address system, he kept coming up with odd facts, indicating wide and serious reading. "Do you know," he said one day, "that while medicine has made great advances in eradicating the old child-killers like scarlet fever and diphtheria, there still are dozens of mysterious diseases of early life that we know nothing about? Do you realize that one baby in 43 still does not survive the first thirty days of life, and that the decrease in the death rate in the first 24 hours of life has lagged far behind the decrease in death rates at all other ages?"

Besides fretting about child health in his addresses to his workers, Spanel discussed the subject frequently with the president of International Latex, W. O. Heinze, a big, handsome, extraordinary executive who was co-ordinator of the government's Smaller War Plants Corporation during World War II. Heinze became deeply interested. The two men were particularly concerned over the shocking number of Americans who had been rejected by the Army during the war because of disabilities growing out of childhood disease.

Pediatric Research Funds Limited

Finally, in 1950, Heinze decided to look into the status of pediatrics research. He came up with reports from the major medical organizations which gloomily stated that many scientists were being driven out of the field because there were no funds to pay them. "There would be no department of pediatrics in 28 schools," said the American Academy of Pediatrics, "if it were not for physicians who work without recompense or for a purely inconsequential sum."

Heinze's findings started some rapid-fire action. Spanel and Heinze attended a meeting of 18 of the top child-health experts of the country at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Spanel made the keynote address.

"Look," he said, "we think this work has to be done and we'll give you the money to do it—a percentage of our profits every year." The doctors sat back, waiting to hear the conditions attached to the offer. But, pointing a dramatic finger, Spanel said:

"You award the grants to the scientists you think deserve it most. We'll keep our hands off. We want no part in deciding how the money is spent, and we want no research that can be related to any of our products. We don't want credit for the research. Our only interest is to build better citizens of tomorrow so that our country can be stronger."

For the doctors, Spanel's offer of no-strings-attached philanthropy was the sudden realization of the scientist's dream. They forthwith set up a nonprofit foundation, based on the principles Spanel had proposed, called the Playtex Park Research Institute. By the end of 1950, they had awarded 12 grants to research projects in universities and hospitals in seven states. The grants themselves were, to the doctors, as dreamlike as the basic plan. Most of them were of three years' duration (researchers ordinarily get one-year grants, which may mean hurried, often incomplete work), and for as much as \$24,000 each.

Co-operation of Other Firms Urged

The Quarterly Review of Pediatrics wrote glowingly: "Let us hope that the International Latex Corporation's progressive interest in child health and happiness will be an inspiration to other industrial and commercial companies to assist in the further expansion of pediatric or other medical research, so essential to the future health and progress of the nation."

Today, the Board of Governors of the Playtex Park Research Institute includes 24 international leaders in the field of pediatrics. They have awarded no less than 35 grants, in 15 states and the District of Columbia. Skeptics looking for digressions from Spanel's lofty principles have found absolutely none. The announcements of the medical discoveries have been made by the doctors, and when International Latex's name is mentioned, it is usually buried in a single line in the last paragraph. There have been no International Latex advertisements claiming credit for the research, and not one attempt to tell the doctors what to do.

On the contrary, the doctors themselves, concerned over the hundreds of thousands of dollars they were so freely dispensing, voted to ask financial wizard Heinze to sit as a member of the Executive Committee of physicians who approve the grants. Heinze resisted for a long time, but finally gave in. If the doctors' purpose in having him present was to achieve economy, they might just as well have not asked him. He consistently proposes giving more money than they themselves

Left, Susan Crampton, summer worker at hospital, reads to Robert Waldo, Sharon Seddon, Maureen O'Connor. Right, surgical ward. From left, Gail Hellawell, Dick St. Lawrence, Scott Browning, Nancy Corkery, Mary Haggerty (in bed). Institution is doing research into hives, plasma



A scientist needn't be famous to get Spanel aid, so long as his work's important

want to bestow, and though he is entitled to a vote on all grants, he stubbornly and almost fanatically abstains from using it. The minutes of every meeting contain the monotonously repeated entry, "Mr. Heinze passes."

Rarely has a sponsor of medical research adopted such a complete hands-off attitude. As a result, the doctors have been able to institute a truly dramatic policy. Ordinarily, it is almost impossible for a brilliant but unknown young scientist to get money for research. The Playtex Park Institute goes out of its way to find such men. It also makes a special effort to ferret out doctors who wish to do key basic research. In short, Playtex Park adopted one of the most flexible programs in scientific history, aimed at giving money to any researcher with a good background and good ideas—regardless of age, creed, station and established reputation.

Money Grant Aids Deserving Doctor

A good example is the encouragement given Dr. Harry A. Waisman, formerly of the University of Illinois Medical School. A gifted biochemist, but a relatively obscure physician-scientist, Dr. Waisman was doing important research into the causes of acute leukemia, a fatal affliction of the white blood cells which kills thousands of people, particularly children, every year. His only funds were those he received from the university, and he found after a while that he was unable to support his family and continue the research without more money. He was considering an offer from a feed company to head its animal research department when the Playtex Park Research Institute heard of his plight and gave him a grant. Today he's a professor of pediatrics at the University of Wisconsin, saving the lives of babies instead of chickens.

Another noteworthy example of the commonsense flexibility of the International Latex-sponsored program concerns the Jackson Memorial

Laboratory in Bar Harbor, Maine. There, famous Dr. C. C. Little has been doing a vital job for cancer research by developing strains of mice and other laboratory animals susceptible to various forms of cancer.

One day a strange accident happened in the laboratory. An assistant walking past a cage of mice noticed that some of the animals were performing strange gyrations, walking about in circles or figure-eights. Dr. Little realized that they had stumbled onto a great discovery. In crossing the various strains of mice, the laboratory had inadvertently produced animals with symptoms similar to those of certain incurable diseases of the human nervous system, like palsy, epilepsy and multiple sclerosis. In these mice, researchers had a tool they had been seeking for years. They now could examine the diseased mice to determine what chemical changes might have caused the nerve issues to degenerate, and then they could experiment on the mice with chemical cures.

But so formalized are the ways of medical philanthropy that Dr. Little could do nothing about his historic find. His laboratory receives its support from cancer organizations, for cancer research only. There was no money to delve further into the new find, and it appeared that research on it might have to be postponed for years.

At this point, the Playtex Park Research Institute got wind of the discovery. A grant of several thousand dollars was made available to Dr. Little and his associates by the Institute's Board of Governors on these terms: "We don't care how you use the money, as long as you continue your work in an important field."

Few grants have shown more promise. The laboratory now has at least seven strains of mice exhibiting abnormalities like those which characterize human nerve diseases. Dr. Pinckney S. Harman of the New York University College of Medicine, experimenting with mice, has discovered changes in the fatlike sheath around the nerve fibers similar

to those found in humans suffering multiple sclerosis and amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, the mysterious killer that took baseball player Lou Gehrig's life. Harman is now working to see if any chemical may correct this defect. If he succeeds, it may prove possible to follow the same procedure in humans.

Spanel's encouragement of scientists like Drs. Park and Little, through the Playtex Park Research Institute, has made him the talk of the medical profession.

"Two years from now," says Dr. Charles F. McKhann, Jr., of Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College, "I think we will be able to look back and see a number of distinguished pediatricians who remained in the field, or whose work was made possible or accelerated only because of these Playtex grants."

Spanel himself, his mind occupied by a dozen other projects in International Latex's \$1,000,000-a-year public service operations, can't understand what all the accolades are about.

Warns Against Socialized Medicine

"It's very simple," he told me. "We just figured that the strength of America depends on the health of its citizens, and that if industry doesn't spend the money in enlightened self-interest to make sure we remain healthy, the government will rush into the vacuum. That, in the long run, will result in socialized medicine, with all its attendant evils. If our experiment awakes a few more corporations to the danger and induces them to spend money on medical research with no strings attached, it's well worth the few hundred thousand dollars we have spent."

"Yes, sir, well worth a few millions!" ▲▲▲

See the editorial page for a comment on this article



Dr. C. C. Little, Bar Harbor, Me., whose cancer research lab stumbled on important nerve discovery, got Spanel financing to continue study



When strange ailment appeared in Louisiana, Drs. Ralph Platou (L.), Fred Howard got Playtex Park Institute grant to study the disease

Collier's for September 13, 1952



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THE VOICE OF "HATE"

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM RICHARDSON

Once Stalin's top agent in the United States, Gerhart Eisler now directs the flow of anti-American propaganda which pours out of Communist Germany. Says one witness: He poisons everything he touches

THE bright afternoon wasn't that hot but everyone seemed to perspire freely in the dank, marble corridors of Communist Germany's "capitol" building in east Berlin. From crates stacked on the second floor, blue-overalled workmen noiselessly lugged oversized portraits of Generalissimo Josef Stalin to the barren expanse of lawn outside. There they tacked the colored pictures up on whitewashed poles.

Automobiles slowed down on a corner of hammer-and-sickle be-decked Unter den Linden as their drivers passed from West Berlin through the Brandenburg Gate and made a right turn, barely creeping towards the "capitol," a cold and angular pile of masonry.

On the street, no horns honked, no brakes squealed. Inside the building, people spoke in a whisper, entered and left offices on tiptoe. Yet you couldn't hear yourself talk, whether inside or out, because a rasping voice, piped in from loud-speakers, filled the street with its angry tones.

One of us was in an office on the second floor trying to set up a date with the possessor of that voice. A blonde secretary with bulging biceps and thin, unpainted lips beld an ink-stained finger up for silence.

"Only under the inspired guidance of our friend and protector, Josef Stalin, can Germany be united and smash the foul tactics of the blood-sucking Americans and the garbage that calls itself a West German government," the voice snarled to a conclusion.

"He is so busy," the blonde remarked after a respectful pause. "He may not ever be able to see you."

Her eyes suddenly narrowed and she stared through the open door of her office to the corridor. From a room opposite us, a bespectacled bald man, whose short and barrel-chested figure had gone pudgy, waddled out. The writer tore after the stubby man.

It was his voice that had just ripped through the square and the building. At the sound of steps behind him, he glanced over his shoulder and broke into a trot. At the sound of his name, his legs churned faster.

When he reached the glass doors at the end of the corridor and flung them open, the corpulent little man, his face contorted with rage, spoke sharply. Two burly *Volkspolizei* (People's Police), hands on the holsters worn with blue-black uniforms, barred the way.

"Nobody sees Herr Doktor Eisler without his permission." They barked together as if their voices had been recorded. "*Raus! Raus! (Out! Out!)*"

Yet only a few years ago almost anybody in the United States might have seen Herr Doktor Gerhart Eisler. A shabbily dressed little man, he lived in elaborately planned obscurity. Then, he was plain Mister—and the plainer the better. With fantastic success he practiced the chameleonlike camouflage he learned



As Red Germany's Minister of Information, pudgy Gerhart Eisler specializes in the Goebbels type of big lie. He cries that the U.S. has bombed Germany with potato hugs, fire bombs and now plans germ warfare

in Soviet Russia's top espionage schools: "Blend into the background! Never attract attention to yourself!"

He assumed the names of Hans Berger, Julius Eisman. Once he was known as Mr. Edwards; another time, as Mr. Brown. He put in two "tours of duty" for Stalin in the U.S. On the first, in the 1930s, his disguise was so complete that U.S. agents still have not accounted for all his movements. On his second "tour," in the 1940s, he lived in New York City, a quiet, soft-spoken little man who posed as a somewhat impoverished clerk. During the war, he made a quiet show of donating blood to the Red Cross and becoming an air-raid warden.

But beneath all this bland façade was the perfect disguise. The "nice little man next door" was Josef Stalin's number one agent in the United States, the man who pulled the strings in the Communist party, whose name was linked by FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover with the Canadian atomic spies.

Overnight, he became the Communist international martyr-hero, victim of the "American Fascists." Convicted on a passport-fraud charge, he jumped \$23,500 bail in May, 1949, stowed away on the Polish liner *Batory* in New York and sailed for Europe. When American authorities discovered he was on the ship in mid-Atlantic, they hurriedly flashed British authorities to pick him up and hold him for extradition when the boat docked in England.

"Quiet One" Goes Dramatic

Eisler was no longer "the quiet one" nor even the dramatic revolutionary hero when British police dragged him from the *Batory*. He kicked and screamed, yelled and cursed. Again, the Kremlin's master character actor reversed his role. One of these reporters sat in the press gallery of the tiny, dark-paneled Bow Street Magistrate's Court when Eisler was brought in for his extradition hearing—a small, owl-like, bald man

with spectacles, a double-breasted suit, an American-type sport shirt and no tie.

Crowds of British Communists gathered outside the courtroom to parade, and they cheered wildly when the chief metropolitan magistrate of London rejected the extradition demand. England had no extradition agreement with the U.S. to cover Eisler's case.

So highly prized are Eisler's abilities for mass-producing the big lie and simultaneously establishing an efficient espionage service—propaganda and spying are inseparable in the Soviet system—that Stalin created for him a job worthy of those cynical talents. Shortly after the little hatchet man reached Communist German soil, he was proclaimed Minister of Information.

From the beginning, Eisler told the Russians that the best way to attack America would be to use American advertising methods to put over the Soviet line. Conduct intense campaigns by radio, billboard, neon sign

AMERICA"

and newspaper ads, he advocated, and the Russian idea would be sold. Using these methods, Eisler combined Soviet distortion and disregard of fact and history with his warped views of life in the U.S.

Some of his lies, like his Colorado potato-beetle scare story, backfired. Eisler turned on crocodile tears for a poor potato crop and said the reason so many East Germans were going hungry was that the American Air Force was bombing the countryside with potato bugs. Another time, he said that U.S. planes were raining incendiaries on the Soviet zone as a terror measure. In time the 20,000,000 East Germans realized these stories were false.

Bug Story Grew and Grew

But Eisler converted his missteps into a sharper propaganda offensive. The Colorado bug story led to today's tremendous campaign, which shows no sign of abating, that the U.S. is planning germ warfare against East Germany "just as in Korea." The incendiaries have become parachuted germ receptacles.

Day in and day out in East Germany's 33 daily newspapers, which he controls, Eisler repeats these stories. Over the radio he directs, the hymn of "Hate America" becomes wilder with added distortion, more hysterical with fanciful accusations. All the propaganda outlets, including the wrappers around the oatmeal sausage the East Germans buy, have "Hate America" blurbs on them.

When he discovered that Western books were still being sold in Soviet Germany, Eisler went on a book-hunting rampage that would have made Goebbels envious. He hanned 19,000 titles and consigned between 5,000,000 and 9,000,000 books to stoke the furnaces of hatred. In between anti-America campaigns and hook-burning edicts, he sends out operatives to the Western zones to collect information for his propaganda mill and to furnish the Russians with both military and political information.

If an agent fails and is stupid enough to return, he faces Eisler behind a glass-topped desk, a photo of Stalin on the left side of the wall, another of President Wilhelm Pieck on the right. As he chain-smokes Russian cigarettes, Eisler sends the frustrated operative to prison or the uranium mines in language as vicious as his denunciations of the U.S.

But he is unapproachable, even at these packaged-propaganda shows where he takes the clenched-fist Communist salute—in the same spot Hitler accepted the outstretched-hand salutation. Only the demigods of Moscow are privileged to hear him privately.

Why, we asked ourselves, is Eisler so important to the Russians? From Berlin to Munich, from Vienna to Trieste and from Paris to Belgrade, we picked up Eisler's trail, past and present. By getting an insight into his life, rather lives, we can across a story of treachery, duplicity and violence that even the impassive, hard-hitten men who rule the Kremlin would have to go a long way to

match. The story was given to us by men and women who knew him in the various stages of development, from a brilliant student to a post-World-War-I politician, as a Russian spy in China to Lord High Executioner of the printed and spoken word in Communist Germany today.

"Eisler will poison anyone or anything he touches," one terrified witness of his recent activities told us. "For the Russians, he is an all-around 'A'-man; assassinations, abductions and attacks. Personal or impersonal. No difference to him. He's a man-eater."

Friendship with Eisler is considered the kiss of death in East Germany. Since returning to Berlin, he has had six "first deputies." When they disappeared, one by one, his cynical stock answer has always been: "Oh, he's gone into production!" This cryptic sentence, meaning the victims have been sent into forced labor, is generally followed by a hollow chuckle.

Gerhart's closest associate is his brother Hanns, a composer who lost his job in Hollywood when Gerhart was exposed as an agent of Stalin. Hanns is now the "court composer" for the East German regime. He wrote the East German official anthem, and at last reports was writing a "peace cantata."

Even Gerhart's own sister, once a spectacular figure in the German Communist party and now an anti-Stalinist living in New York under the name of Ruth Fischer, said: "I consider him the perfect terrorist type." On one occasion, she said bitterly: "The fact that this man is my brother has only given me a deeper insight into the technique of Stalin's NKVD. A man who serves Stalin is conditioned to hand over to the G.P.U. his child, his sister, his closest friend."

"His whole character," we were told by a refugee German newsman who worked under him in the East zone, "seems to feed on bitterness. If Gerhart ever said anything complimentary about anybody, you could bet it was the prelude to their funeral oration."

A Master of Vituperation

To Eisler's caustic tongue, American newspapermen are "revolver journalists," American radio stations "transmitters of filth and hate." German employees of American firms to him are "dirty, doglike and purchasable" or "lackeys who hear on their foreheads, like Cain, the mark of treason." The American public, he has said publicly, "is kind only to such as Ise Koch, the bitch of Nazi Buchenwald." Former U.S. Attorney General Tom Clark is "a man I'd like to nominate for a Nobel Prize—in petty-mindedness." Ex-Communist Louis Budenz who first helped expose the "little man next door" in New York as the No. 1 Communist in the U.S. is, in Eisler's book of vulgarisms, "a provocateur, stool pigeon, rat and fink." West German politicians? "They are dirty spittoons for American generals which are likely to say, 'Thank you, sir,' when used." After remarking many times



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He was labeled "The Executioner" early in his Red career

he'd like to see his sister, Ruth, dead, he described her as a "European rats-nake."

Gerhart and his sister Elfriede (now Ruth Fischer) early identified themselves with left-wing "Kulturgruppen" of Austrian youth. Gerhart distinguished himself as a witty, sarcastic speaker. In World War I, Gerhart showed exceptional bravery. He fought with the Austro-Hungarian army, rising to first lieutenant in command of a Croatian company.

Mustered out of uniform in 1918, Gerhart immediately joined the Communist party in Vienna. By Communist standards of the day a facile writer, he soon became editor of the magazine *Kommunismus*, organ of the East European branch of the Comintern. It folded two years later, and he went to Berlin in 1920 where his sister—theo a dynamic and physically appealing young intellectual—already was beginning her spectacular rise in the German Communist party. She got Gerhart a job on Red Flag, a German Communist paper, as a subeditor.

Fired for Changing Story

But the man who is now the press lord and radio czar of all East Germany didn't last long. He was ignominiously fired as a result of his own zealousness after he altered—on his own responsibility—an important news story. In his eagerness, he had badly mistaken the ever-changing party line. His sister's importance to the Red movement saved him from being hooted out of the party.

After two years in Moscow, Eisler was sent to China to clean up the notoriously lax comrades to that part of the world who were living far too luxuriously to suit the austere ideas of the Kremlin. There, he first earned the name "The Executioner," a nickname which followed him into his assignments later in Czechoslovakia, Spain, Austria and the United States.

When World War II broke out in 1939, the ex-lieutenant of the Croatian infantry showed no desire to go out and slay the Nazis he had been preaching against. He gave himself up to French authorities and was interned for a time as an enemy alien. Finally, he wangled an exit permit to Mexico, which he used as a springboard to the U.S.

Playing the role of a refugee from totalitarian terror, Eisler arrived in New York in June, 1941. His chubby right arm was thrown protectively over Polish-born Brunhilda Rothstein, 15 years his junior, as he argued on Ellis Island with immigration authorities that he had never been a Communist.

"You've got me mixed up with someone else," Eisler insisted. "Why should I suffer if, by chance, a man who looked like me and used my name was a Communist?"

Somewhat, after 10 weeks, his story was accepted. Why it was swallowed is still a mystery. Eisler and the aptly named Brunhilda immediately set up light housekeeping in an obscure part of New York and were married in Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1942, when Eisler obtained a mail-order divorce from his second wife. (His first marriage was to Hedwig Tune, a Viennese actress, in 1920. Six years later he divorced her and married her sister Ellen who, at last reports, was living in Stockholm and complaining that Eisler had never

helped to support either her or their daughter.)

"We lost ourselves among the cave dwellers of New York," Eisler boasted recently in explaining to German Communists his success in America.

For five years Eisler pulled the strings of the Communist puppet show in the U.S. without detection. He was the "C.I. man" (Communist International), and only a very few in the American Communist hierarchy were permitted to see him or know of his existence. Eisler never visited party headquarters but gave orders, usually by unsigned, typewritten notes that were delivered to Communist leaders by messengers. Eisler dispatched from a park bench or a restaurant. He set the line in articles he wrote for *The Daily Worker* under the name of Hans Berger.

In the autumn of 1946, Eisler's "cover" was dramatically exposed. Louis Budenz, former managing editor of *The Daily Worker*, identified him as the Kremlin's top agent in the U.S. Then ensued a series of tragicomic sequences during which Eisler used democratic processes to blow his own propaganda horn. Repeatedly, he lied before Congressional committees and then stumped the country to air, in pathetic tones, his "persecution."

Invoking the Bible and the spirit of American fair play, Eisler tried to combat a one-year sentence imposed on him for refusing to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, plus one-to-three years tacked on because he falsified his record when he asked for a permit to leave the U.S. All the time his appeals were being heard, he was out on bail. Eisler was buying time. He was waiting for word from Moscow on whether he should continue the court fight or leave the country. Word came on May 7th, 1949. He began his celebrated flight aboard the Batory which took him back to Communist Europe. A short time later, Brunhilda was deported; she joined her husband in Germany.

For his gallant role as martyr-traitor, Stalin paid off Eisler in more power and glory than money.

Eisler's salary in Germany is only about 2,000 marks a month (about \$100 in American money), less than the United States pays the lowliest secretary to a press attaché in a foreign embassy. However, neither he nor his wife has felt the pinch of short rations. As one of the 14-man cabinet, Eisler gets a special number one ration card. This entitles him to buy in the government commissary in one wing of the former Goering *Luftwaffe* headquarters. With the card, he can buy such delicacies as



Eisler (second from left) disembarks in England after fleeing U.S. to avoid jail for passport fraud. Britain would not extradite him

Collier's for September 13, 1952



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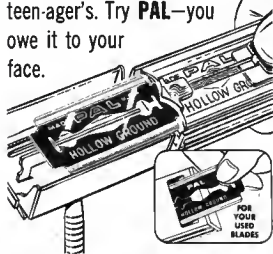
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The real danger is that Eisler is Stalin's "expert" on America



As soon as he reached friendly Soviet hands in East Berlin, Eisler launched his campaign of vilifying the United States. Sample Eislerism: The American public is only fond of notorious Nazis like Ilse Koch

Black Sea caviar and Caspian lemons. An ordinary worker can't buy butter; Eisler gets a pound a week.

Eisler's elevated rank also entitles him to a home in the Pankow district of East Berlin, the nearest thing in Germany to a Communist Park Avenue. With his wife—who has dropped the Wagnerian-sounding Brunhilda and now likes to be called Hedy by those few who can approach her—Eisler lives at Number 32 Viktoriastrasse in the Pankow compound, next to the Kremlin one of the most heavily guarded areas in the Eastern Hemisphere. To guard the homes of such dignitaries as Eisler and Pieck, black-uniformed police patrol the compound day and night and a score of detectives in plain clothes are on duty within the gates day and night.

In very unproletarian fashion, the Eislers live alone in a 12-room two-

story, cream-colored house. Their telephone number—not only unlisted but "top secret"—is (or was) 492015. They have a maid who comes in daily and stays until after dinner. They sleep in separate rooms.

Hedy prides herself on her American wardrobe and likes to impress her fellow workers that she is not a mere German hut a cosmopolitan comrade who has traveled extensively. "She seems to make deliberate little errors in German, and she will often reverse the grammar of a sentence into the English order of syntax just out of snobbism," one of our German contacts told us.

In fact, there is serious doubt among some East German officials about where her true sympathies lie. From a friend who was on the intimate "Du" basis with Eisler, we learned that she had made several

dangerously deviationist remarks. Once she said she wished she had never left the West. On another occasion, when the ice had given out while she was mixing drinks, she said petulantly before her guests: "Why can't they include decent refrigerators in their five-year plans now?"

But whatever Hedy does, she is unlikely to influence Eisler, and the West must recognize the dangerous power he exerts. As an "expert" on the U.S. and the American mentality, his views contribute enormously toward influencing Soviet policy. If Eisler advocates a reckless move in Germany because he "knows" American reaction, the chances are that he'll be taken seriously in Moscow. Remember, he's more than just another of Stalin's right-hand men; he is Stalin's right-hand finger man. ▲▲▲



Eisler's third wife once stated she regretted leaving the West



Composer Hanns Eisler is known as his brother's closest associate



Sister Ruth Fischer, once a Red, now brands Gerhart as "terrorist"

Collier's for September 13, 1952

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The players bunched tighter to deal Iris in. A captain smiled patiently. "We play for keeps, honey," he said. "For money"

Harry Prosen

Bodacious Blonde

She had come down from Alaska, she told him frankly, to shop for a mate while she still enjoyed a buyers' market. And if ever there was a demon shopper, she was it

By ROBERT DEXTER NEFF

GUIDED by Copilot Wendover Carlton, Jr., a quiet young man with the faraway look of an armchair interplanetary navigator, the red-trimmed air liner taxied to the Seattle Airport apron.

"Say, Professor," said Captain Moose Baker, tethering himself to his seat, "who's our new cabin monkey?"

Wendy Carlton adjusted the throttles and tried to recall the stewardess's name. It had been chalked on the operations blackboard when he had handled the pre-flight. Moose had been tied up in a hall telephone booth, setting up future operations with the aid of a small tan volume. "Afraid I didn't notice," Wendy admitted.

Moose shook his head disgustedly. "What you got against women, Wendover?"

Wendy passed off the question with a halfhearted grin. The simple truth was that he was sinking every cent he could lay hands on into an electronic invention. He was short on cash, and hard experience had taught him the folly of wooing women on a shoestring. A big-wheel operator at college, named Marijane Smith, had contributed largely to this experience.

Over a cheery Bunsen burner in chem lab, Marijane had dropped the bait that she was available for a certain Halloween dance. Against the advice of his roommate, a jaded senior who had warned him that Marijane was a very bodacious character, Wendy had jumped to the lure. But once he was on the hook in the corn-shuck-decorated gymnasium, Marijane became bored with pumpkins and apple duckings. By clever manipulation, she was able to shift their bunch to a night club. Wendy still had nightmares of Marijane running rampant over a fancy menu and of a snooty waiter laying down an incredible check.

Marijane had gladly coughed up the deficit. "I like you, Wendy," she'd said. "Now that the ice is broken, we're going places." But they didn't go any more places, and he had hated himself ever since for getting trapped. To this day, well-heeled, bodacious women gave him the whim-whams.

"I'm hoping," Moose was saying, running a loving hand over his dark hair, "that we'll pull that Ravenna woman. Met her once in Denver. You know, that babe could hardly take her eyes off me."

Wendy cut the plane's engines at Gate Six. Moose picked up the flight forms and exploded. "Oh, no! Iris Schmaltz! Two evenings a week for a month, stuck in Salt Lake with some spook called Iris Schmaltz."

Forty minutes later, the flight was leveled out on a

choppy course for Salt Lake City. Their new stewardess, who had boarded with the passengers, had shown no inclination to break the rule against unnecessary cockpit time.

"Son," Moose said, "I commission you to make the cabin inspection."

"Yes, Father," Wendy said. "And if I should just happen to bump into this Miss Schmaltz?"

Moose frowned. "Drop the word I'm married. Father of three boys and two girls. That should hold her off."

Wendy clapped on a cap, opened the cabin door, and strolled down the aisle. Everyone seemed happy and well taken care of.

He found Schmaltz perched on the rear jump seat. She looked up from a paper she was studying. "Hello," she said in a husky whisper. "You Captain Baker or Mr. Carlton?"

Wendy gaped at disconcerting wild-blue-yonder eyes, close-cropped blond curls, and a smile that seemed to brighten the whole aft cabin. He tried to speak, but had temporarily crossed his controls.

"Well, come, come, my friend. You Baker or Carlton?"

"Wendover Carlton, Jr.," Wendy blurted, realizing at once the need to take a grip on himself.

"Okay, Junior. I'm Iris Schmaltz. Call me Iris."

AFTER a strained silence, Iris said, "Well, Junior, you must have a motive for coming back here. Wait'll I stick this entry chart in my kit, and we'll figure it out."

"Entry chart?" Wendy tried to sound like a seasoned veteran of front-office vagaries. "More new paper work, huh?"

"You kidding? It's a horse form."

"Horse form? Miss Schmaltz, you don't mean—"

"Playing the horses is only a girlish pastime until something more exciting turns up," she said icily. "I only bet at the tracks, and any silly notion you have that a girl that'll bet horses will do anything is strictly round haircut."

The cabin became unbearably warm. "Well, I guess I got to get back. We—we always check the cabin in rough air. By the way, Miss Schmaltz—"

"Iris."

"Uh, Iris." He felt terribly unprepared, stalking women without reading up first. But the charm boys

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would move in fast once they saw Iris. Intuition prodded him oo. "If you have no plans, Iris, why I—I thought it would be nice if you had dinner with Moose and me." Ringing in the captain seemed to lend dignity to the invitation. "Captain Baker would never hear of your eating alone your first flight."

"Why, Junior. How nice! Captain Baker must be very thoughtful."

"I think I should mention," Wendover said, still guided by intuition, "Captain Baker has six husky boys and four cute girls. You might say he's a family man."

"Thanks. I'll put away my trap."

"Well, got to go now," he said, relieved. "And call me Weedy, will you?"

WALKING back up the aisle, Wendy was aware he'd caught something, almost like you pick up a cold or measles. "Moose," he said worriedly, thinking of that horse form and for some reason remembering Marijane, "we've invited Ir—Miss Schmaltz to dinner. Don't jump like that! You can leave as soon as we eat."

That evening, seated in the hotel coffee shop, Wendy watched with worshipful eyes as Iris absent-mindedly ate pie à la mode and pencilled an evening paper. She was luscious in a bright blue dress. Her blonde hair seemed looser than on the plane, and her blue eyes had overcome him to the point where nothing, even the gristly pieces in the meat-pie special, mattered.

"It says here," remarked the blonde goddess, "that Dusty McGilligan will pilot Supersonic Sadie in the fifth."

Moose took an impatient reading on his wrist watch. "Say, Junior," he said, "it's after eight. Don't you want to get up to your model airplanes?"

"Uh-uh," Wendy said, without removing his gaze from Iris. "I suddenly find model airplanes dull. I'm thinking of giving them up altogether."

Iris looked up from the sports page with an expression of mild revulsion. "Aren't you rather big for model airplanes?" she inquired. "What other interests have you, Wendover?"

A delicate warmth crept up around Wendy's ears. "Oh, there are other things," he said loftily.

"Well?"

"Well, for one thing, I always enjoy a good book on cosmic rays. Have you ever thought of the mesotron's role in nuclear physics?"

Blank expressions indicated that neither Iris nor Moose had given much thought to it. Wendy forced a sickly smile. "Guess maybe I'll give all that up, too. Everything, except inventing my—my radio."

"Radio?" Iris asked. "I've been led to believe radio was already invented."

"Oh, it's nothing really," Wendy explained hastily. "Nothing at all." But again, driven by some long-dormant instinct, he was compelled to add, "Though of course it's conceivable that it might revolutionize aviation."

"Wendy, you're either a nut or a genius," Iris said more kindly. "It's kind of hard to tell. Shall we go home?"

"Aw, it's early yet," Moose said. "Let's drop up to the San Francisco pilots' room. Maybe they got a party."

A sudden, unreasoning fear clutched Wendy. "Iris is pretty tired," he said. "She wants to turn in."

"You want to meet the gang, don't you, Iris?" Moose asked.

"Well, okay for just a minute."

Room 412 had a twin bed, a dresser, a luggage rack and two straight chairs in it, and it was dangerously overloaded with flight crews. Under cover of a thick smoke screen, several pilots played poker to the tune of loud voices and the clink of coins. There was an instantaneous scramble to make room for Iris. She settled beside Ernie Lewis, who held a brief case on his knees as a table. Seated on an overturned wastebasket be-

bind Iris, Wendy watched Ernie turn on the charm. "Poker isn't hard," Ernie told Iris, with a twenty-four-tooth smile. "Like a little duel?"

"Oh, I've played before," she said.

A leathery-skinned captain smiled patiently. "We play for keeps, honey. For money."

Iris pinkened prettily at the laughter. "You know, lately I have been getting bored with bottle tops. Might be fun to play for money."

The players bunched tighter to deal Iris in. "How about you, Wendy?" she asked. "Feel lucky tonight?"

Moose patted Wendy's head. "Wendover's a clean-cut, wholesome type. He doesn't allow himself."

With difficulty, Wendy reminded himself where banging one on Captain Moose Baker would get him. He gripped his teeth and dragged his wastebasket closer, fervently hoping they wouldn't clip Iris too hard. On the other hand, a five- or six-buck loss would make a neat clincher to the father-daughter talk he must have with Iris later.

After raking in two or three pots with obvious beginner's luck, Iris's fortune failed. By eleven o'clock, she was sixteen bucks in the hole.

"Iris, how about a hot chocolate?" Wendy suggested in an attempt to rescue her from further disaster.

"Why, that's real sweet, Wendy," she replied. "What time does this game break up?"

"Twelve o'clock, boney," the leathery-skinned captain said. "Some of us have morning flights."

"Okay, Wendy?" For an instant Iris's dark-lashed eyes smiled for him alone. Goose pimples skittered over his skin.

The game went fast. Iris bet recklessly. By twelve she was flatter than a paved runway. But her voice was cheerful when she turned to Wendy. "Well, I've had it. It'll have to be your treat."

"Hey, hold it," Moose said, stuffing money in his pockets. "How about me?"

"Another time, Moose," Iris said. "I'm dying to hear how a clean-cut guy like Wendy got mixed up with mesotrons."

She stood up, straightened her skirt, and beamed at the crews quibbling over the cash. "Thank you, boys. I hope you'll let me play again."

Dinky, a plump captain from Denver, removed his cigar with the studied charm of a shrewd gambler. "Any time, boney," he laughed. "Any time at all."

"Wendy," Iris said in a throaty voice as they walked to the elevator, "I'm glad you waited. I'm worried about you."

Wendy had the feeling of stalling in a turn.

"You're nice, Wendy," Iris continued. "Not dangerous or exciting, but nice. Good-looking too, in a naïve way."

"Naïve? As a matter of fact, Miss Schmaltz, I've seen a good deal of the world. It's just that I believe in self-discipline."

"Good for you, Wendy," Iris said. "And I thought you were just listless."

In the coffee-shop booth, Wendy pulled a five-dollar bill from his wallet. "Here," he said, "is dough for breakfast and to get you home. Really, Iris, with your—ab—attractiveness, this waso't necessary to get oo with the gang."

Iris examined the bill as if she'd never seen one before. When she looked up, her eyes were large and misty. "Money," she said, "is the thing I need least. But I'll take the fever to press in my diary like a pansy." Her voice was extra low and husky. "Wendy, a girl could go for a guy like you. Give me a ruo-dowo oo yourself."

For the next hour, she carefully questioned him about his background, romantic status, ambitions and personal views on the birds and bees. She seemed satisfied. But he was pretty shocked at what he learned about her.

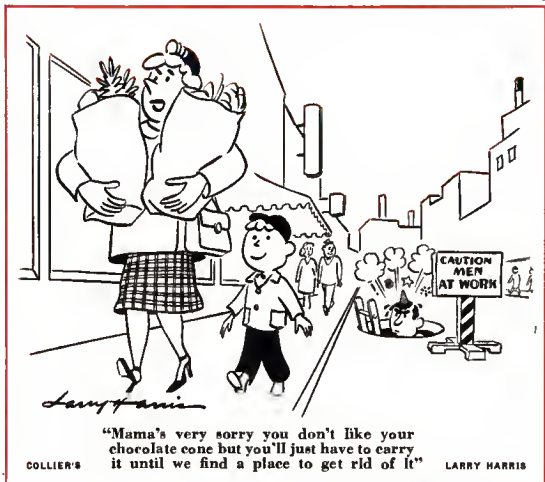
SHE had come down from Anchorage, Alaska, she told him frankly, because her grandpa's dying wish had been that she come south and shop for a mate while she still enjoyed a buyers' market. Statistics, she explained, favored the airline stewardess as the best all-around bet to nab a suitable husband. When she found the right prospect, she offered love, excellent home cooking and a half interest in all her worldly fortune. This latter consisted mainly of a thousand-ton cargo steamer which her grandpa, who had made his pile in Alaska in the 'nineties in some vague, unnamed way, had left her. Appropriately named the I. Schmaltz I, her steamer plied profitably between Anchorage and Seattle.

It was very late when Wendy dropped her at her door. He felt as if he had been grilled by a tough CAA inspector for his captain's rating. "Good night, Wendy," Iris said. "Care to kiss me?"

Wendy swallowed. He had thought of it, but he had the sudden feeling of being surrounded, cut off.

Iris smiled guilelessly. "That's okay. We'll get around to that later."

By the time the return flight touched down at Seattle, Wendy had a pretty good grip on himself. Iris was a fast,



"Mama's very sorry you don't like your chocolate cone but you'll just have to carry it until we find a place to get rid of it!"

COLLIER'S

LARRY HARRIS

bold operator, with her own Dun & Bradstreet rating to make it worse. No telling what a girl like that might do to a man's ego once she dropped the noose on him. He said good-bye to her in the airport parking lot. "You going to call me, Wendy?" Iris asked.

"Going to be tied up," he said stiffly. "Oh," she said. "Well, see you next trip. Maybe by then, with a treatment or two, I can build up my priority."

LATER that day, working in the shop under his garage apartment, Wendy couldn't concentrate. The trouble, he realized, was due to static on his brain waves—interference generated by lingering images of clear blue eyes and a rhythm to walk and gesture that defied scientific description. After several hours of resolute struggle with himself, he gave up and dialed Iris's apartment.

Her roommate answered. Iris had gone to the twilight horse races with Captain Baker. Disturbed, Wendy called later that night. Moose had taken Iris to a dance at the Yacht Club. He called fourteen times in the next two days. Moose had taken Iris sailing on the Sound, clam digging at Useless Bay, and evenings to the races at Longacres. There was nothing for him to do but sublimate his ebbed passions in furious shop-work.

On Friday morning, after a sleepless night, he finally reached her. For an instant, her husky voice over the wire left him panic-stricken. But those long-dormant instincts leaped to the fore again. It was ridiculous and childish, he told himself, but he was compelled to compete with Moose. What Moose could do with one hand he had to do no-hands.

"Iris," he said, "I have a plane and it's a nice day for a ride. We could—" He stopped. They had a scheduled flight for three o'clock in the afternoon. A joy ride sounded silly.

"A date, huh?" Iris chuckled. "You bet, Wendy boy."

He picked her up at her apartment in his "convertible," an ancient roadster distinguished by ham call letters on the doors and a fantastic assortment of freak radio antennas. The day was warm, with occasional lightning glinting in the cloudy foothills. Iris wore gray slacks, which she did a lot for; a well-designed sweater, marine blue; and a large-billed blue cap, set jauntily on her blonde hair.

She appeared to swallow hard when she saw his tiny, faded-yellow, fifteen-year-old monoplane. Wendy removed a typewriter-sized black box from his convertible, set it in a rack behind the plane's single rear seat and plugged in several radio jacks. Then, saying, "Wait here," he took his car down the field and carefully spotted it at the end of the runway. After snapping several switches under the dash, he walked back.

At two thousand feet, Wendy set some dials and switches, carefully appraised a mild thunderstorm that was moving off the foothills, then released the controls and let the plane fly itself. For a while he just sat with his arms folded, grinning with pride. Then, carried away in that occasion, he put an arm around Iris and edged a notch closer.

Iris's mouth opened prettily in surprise. "What are you going to do?"

"Why, uh, nothing, I guess," he said, flustered.

"Oh," she said. "I somehow thought you were fixing to kiss me. What else did you trap me up here for?"

Seeing the tease in her eyes, he slipped his arm tighter around her and kissed her on the mouth. It was delicious, electrifying, and he had the sensation the horse fell out of the airplane.

Suddenly Iris pulled free and cried, "Wendy, we're dropping!"

Wendy sat back. The nose was pointing down, and the engine was barely kicking over. "It's okay. That's the air strip. We're going to land."

"But don't you have to do something?" she asked worriedly.

"Uh-uh. It's already done. I set it for a landing before—." He could feel himself blush. "You know—before."

Still without help, the plane leveled out over Wendy's convertible and settled gently toward the ground. There was a flash of lightning, closer than the rest, and the nose of the plane dipped sharply. Wendy took over instantly and guided the plane to a landing.

"That's it," he said, heaving. "My electronic pilot. When I get it so that lightning and wet snow and various other things don't upset it, it will be as good as the ones the airlines are installing. And cheap and light enough that any small-time operator can have one. Ought to prevent a lot of bad-weather landing accidents if I ever get it perfected."

"Wendy," Iris said in an awed whisper, "I was right about you. How soon will it be perfected?"

"I don't know. First I've got to save enough to buy fliers and—"

"I could help. I've got plenty of—"

"Oh, no!" His very insides crawled at the thought.

Later, while he was driving her back to her apartment, Iris said, "Wendy, you aren't letting my being loaded stand between us, are you?"

Wendy's shoulders sagged over the steering wheel. With a wry smile, he said, "Yeah, guess I am. How can I be dangerous and exciting to a girl with her own steamship line?"

"Only one ship," she said. "The taxes eat up nearly all the profits. And I was wrong—"

"Only one." He sighed, thinking of the things you could do with that kind of dough. A good shop, a lab. Plenty of parts and equipment. Why, you could even work out some ideas on rockets and guided missiles.

Hating himself for a venal, grasping, selfish character who let himself be bowled over by a blonde tycoon's resources, he resolved once more to chop it off. Iris's last words at her door were, "All I can say is, I never saw anybody so immune to treatment."

THE three o'clock flight to Salt Lake got off as advertised. Wendy was fully prepared to find Moose in solid with Iris. It was worse than he expected. They smoked each other's cigarettes, laughed together at private jokes and talked intimately about parlays, furlongs and mutuels. By the time they reached Salt Lake, Wendy realized he was green-eyed jealous of Moose.

That evening, brooding over his usual meat-pie special, Wendy felt an undesirable kick. Iris met his glance with a wink. "As head man of this safari," she said to Moose, "where do you lead tonight?"

Moose, with a self-satisfied grin, lighted a cigarette. "Today's the tenth. The boys got their expense checks. I usually go up and relieve them of them."

"That I'd like to see," Iris said. "May we watch and thereby learn?"

"Angel baby," Moose said, "you've got a date."

Wendy's judgment told him the time had come to read up some more on mesotrons. But he could no more walk out now than he could leave the cockpit in the final stages of an instrument landing. Obviously the lure of the game was tugging on Iris. And the bloodthirsty hunch in room 412 would relieve her of the I. Schmalztz I itself if they got a chance.

It took a great deal of coaxing to get Iris into the game. Then, after hundering through a few hands, she spilled her purse, dumping a wad of bills that could have hallasted a DC-3. Within minutes, Dinky suggested table stakes, a four-bit ante, and no limit.

From then on, it was murder. When the dust settled at midnight, Iris had



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picked up four hundred and seventy-six dollars plus Moose's IOU, taken on his solemn promise to cash a check right after the game.

"Good night again," Iris thrilled. "Don't think it hasn't been fun!"

Dinky removed his cigar and stared at her with a vacuous expression. Silence hung heavy as the smoke in the room. Iris fluttered the IOU at Moose. "Shall we stop at the desk? I imagine you're anxious to get this over with."

Moose leaned his chair against the wall and ran one hand over his face. "You're the anxious one," he said. "You don't need it tonight, do you?"

"No. I don't need it at all. But Grandpa's last advice was to always keep gambling cash-and-carry."

"Aha!" Moose snorted. "No wonder! Conned by a third-generation shuffler!" "Why, you—you tinhorn!" Wendy blurted.

He could hear Iris saying, "It's all right, Wendy. He's only kidding." But Wendy was caught in a giant thunderhead, crackling with indignation and jealousy. He grabbed Moose's tie. Moose came to his feet and sat back under a wallop that brought gasps from the galleries. Settled quietly against the dresser, Moose tenderly fingered his eyebrow while the thought flashed through Wendy's mind that he had fired an atomic bunch without regard for the chain reaction to follow. But the accumulated tensions were discharged. He didn't know when he'd felt so good.

The night clerk cashed a check. "No hard feelings, Moose," Iris said. "It's my fault, really." She mumbled something about a stiffer treatment than she'd thought.

"Forget it, angel baby," Moose said. "This won't interfere with you and me." From the side of his mouth, he added to Wendy, "Tomorrow, champ, we'll talk about your future." He shoved his hands in his pockets and walked away.

"Brother, could I use a hot chocolate now!" Iris said.

WHEN they sat facing each other in a booth, Iris said, "I feel terrible. I've lost friends and dented Moose's pride and probably ruined your career. But golly," she added happily, "the way you rushed in to defend your woman was more exciting than a photo finish."

"Don't worry about my career," Wendy said. "It's my own fault. I should have listened to my grandpa. He used to say when love comes in the door, brains go out the window."

"Wendover!" Iris interrupted. "Did I hear you use the word—"

"Please. I'm trying to explain. I was dopey enough to think if we were married I might help you fight off this gambling weakness before you lost your entire sock."

"Go ahead, Wendy!"

"But," he concluded flatly, "I had it figured backwards. You're not weak. You're the biggest wheeler and dealer I ever saw. You make nickel nurses like me look pretty weak!"

Iris put a small, warm hand on his wrist. "Know something? Nothing about you is dismal. Even nuclear physics. I've picked up a book on it which I may even read." She pressed his wrist and gazed at him with warm blue eyes.

Wendy swallowed hard and looked over her shoulder.

"Anyway," she said, "if you're worried about me, I think you've got the answer. A husband would be in a very favorable position to reform me."

Wendy shook his head. "You're out of my league. I have nothing to stack up against a steamship line."

"One ship," Iris corrected. "And brother, for my money you've got—"

"Okay, one ship," he interrupted. "And there you go, throwing your money around again. You know," he said in a tone of finality, "courting you

would be like riding a bike no-hands to impress a trapeze queen."

Iris sighed and picked up her cecobolale. "At least the Schmatz goes down punching."

"I'm sorry," Wendy said, "but we Cartlons are suckers for damsels in distress."

Wendy had a hard night filled with wild dreams. The worst was of Iris married to Moose and the two of them shooting craps on their living-room floor. Then he would dream he was in a blizzard of ten-dollar bills. Instead of a dignified portrait of Hamilton, every one he caught had a grinning, puckish face with *Schmatz* engraved at the bottom of the oval frame. He woke up early, shot to pieces; he dressed and walked quietly past Moose's door and Iris's to the elevators and the basement coffee shop. He was on his fourth cup of coffee when Iris sat down on the stool beside him. "Hiya, Wendy boy," she said cheerily.

Wendy subdued the tingle her voice sent over him. "Morning," he growled.

"Well," she said, "Looks like you've heard the news. Somehow I didn't think it would matter to you."

"News? What news?"

Before she could answer, Moose pushed through the swinging door and stopped in back of their stools. After a hard, meaningful glare at Wendy from under a piece of adhesive tape, he said to Iris, "Too bad about the I. Schmatz."

"You know?" Iris said, surprised.

Moose turned red. "Why, uh, yeah. Heard it on the six-o'clock news."

"Luckily," she said, "the crew got off before she went under." She sniffled and dabbed at her eyes. "Sure was a pretty tub, too."

"That's the way it goes," Moose said. "Well, I'll see you on the plane."

With a glamorous smile, Moose walked past the empty stool beside Iris to where a flashy new waitress was tending the counter.

Wendy could feel a delicious dizziness begin to spin inside him. "Iris honey, do you mean your ship is sunk?"

"Without a trace," she said. "And no insurance. I'm wiped out."

"Iris! Baby! You mean you're broke?"

She nodded her head weakly, dabbing again at her eyes. "I don't know which way to turn."

"Baby," he said, a great, satisfying protectiveness welling in his chest, "you have nothing to worry about. Let's get married. I know more ways to have fun broke than—"

"Wendy," she interrupted, happy

tears in her eyes, "do you mean what you just said? Would you take a penniless, weak-charactered woman who might any day—"

"I love you," he said. "I'll take you where-is and as-is."

FOR the next half hour they drank coffee, ate hot cakes and made plans to be married as soon as they could get things arranged. Wendy had an emergency fund that would get them united, pay for a brief honeymoon in the San Juan Islands and still leave a few bucks to find a job on. "But there's still one thing," Iris said suddenly. "What about the electronic you-know-what?"

"It went down with the I. Schmatz," he said. "Let's forget them both."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Not on your life. Now that I've got a where-is-and-as-is commitment from you, let's get down to business." She fished a bankbook from her purse, Wendy saw a nine and an eight and a string of zeros.

"But—but you're penniless!" he protested, in rising anger. "Your ship is sunk and—"

"Oh, that," she said. "Moose didn't hear that on the radio. I sent myself a telegram and had the bellboy shove it under his door by mistake. I knew he was interested in me only for my tonnage, so I used him to give you the treatment." She grinned. "But that's all over now. Let's talk about—"

Indignation boiled over in Wendy. "Why, this—is this is sheer conniving trickery! This is the sort of thing Marijane would pull. It's—"

"Marijane?" Iris said. "Believe me, Buster, I'll want to hear more about Marijane. But for now, try to face my dough like a man, will you? If a guy loves me, he's got to swallow his pride and take me as I am. Dough and all. If you don't, I'll slap the whole roll on a bangtail. Besides, think of the lives your gismo will save."

"Okay," he said, but he was thinking about a honeymoon in the San Juan Islands. "I'll try to think of the lives it will save. And Iris, baby, better think of me as just a long shot." He paused, then added brightly, "But now that I've got a hand in the till, would you mind if I started courting you in earnest? With no holds barred?"

Iris grabbed him around the neck, unmindful of the café mob who watched with the bored detachment of experienced TV viewers, and kissed him deliciously hard on the mouth.

"Start courting, Wendy," she said in a husky whisper. "I'll give forty to one you'll succeed." ▲▲▲

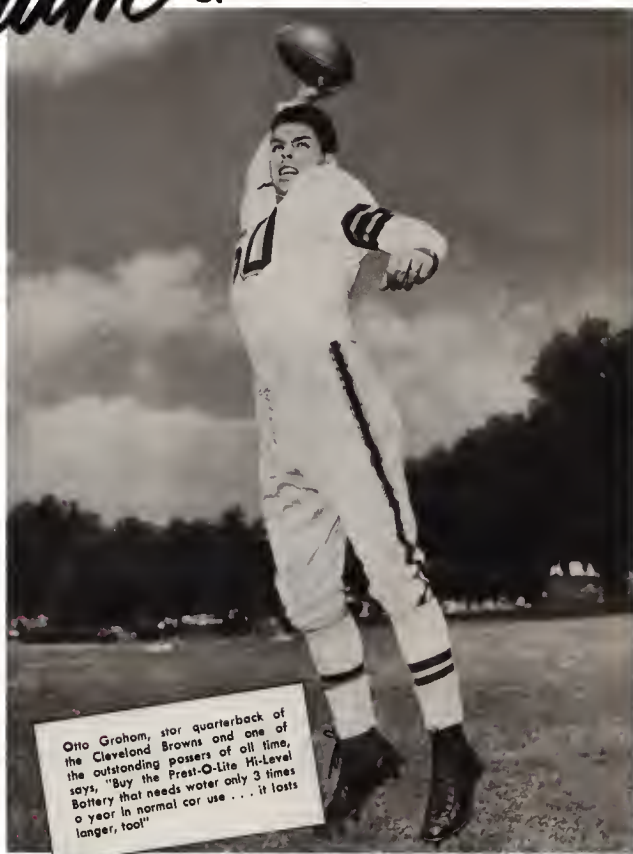


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Visitors inspect home canning and growing exhibit. Reading Fair credits success to emphasis on agricultural endeavors



Daredevil automobile performers roar toward sheet of fire in one of several shows presented daily on the fairgrounds



Amidst the cries of hawkers and concessionaires, farm folk and city folk mingle

Heigh-Ho, Come to

Contestants for "Miss Reading Fair" title primp before judging. Contest is biggest crowd puller at fair



THE corn stands shocked. Fat yellow pumpkins bulge with ripeness in the fields. Silos are filled and larders stocked with the bounty of the land. The harvest is in, and now at last there is time for relaxation, time to meet with neighbors and old friends. From all over the countryside people head for the county seat and the big event of the year—the county fair. An American heritage, the county fair dates back to colonial times, and thousands are held each year across the land. But few are older and almost none is larger than the Reading Fair in Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Like most, the Reading Fair—which runs this year from Sept. 7-14—tries to offer something for everyone. There are educational exhibits for the studious, political speeches for the interested, harness and auto races for the thrill seekers, competitions for proud craftsmen—and for everyone, of course, there is the midway in all its neon-lighted, cotton-candied gaudiness.

Undenably, the sounds of the midway—the shouting hawkers, the squeals of children whirled dizzily in the air on some ride, the harmonious hooting of the calliope—add up to a din no other attraction can match. But for all its noise and all its garishness, the midway cannot detract from the fair's primary purpose—the competitions which bring together the yearlong efforts of the people of

Collier's for September 13, 1952



along the county-fair midway at the Reading Fair in Berks County, Pennsylvania



A small-fry patron ponders a difficult decision in front of a balloon stand. Fair sets aside special days for children



At commercial exhibit, a young fair-goer strains trying to peel tread from tire for \$25 prize. He was unable to do it

the COUNTY FAIR

the area. The Reading Fair awards prizes in just about everything from quilting to pigeon raising. Like its thousands of counterparts across the nation, the Reading Fair is doing a real service by stimulating grass-roots America to bring forth better breeds of livestock, improved agricultural products and finer examples of home economics.

But the Reading Fair is by no means for rural folks alone. Of the 300,000-odd patrons who pass through the turnstiles during a good year (a stretch of bad weather can mean financial disaster for any fair), about 50 per cent are city dwellers. All told, the patrons annually spend more than \$1,000,000 within the fairgrounds.

The fair, however, does not come off without its quota of casualties. Last year, about 250 persons—mostly youngsters who over-indulged their appetites—were treated for tummy-ache. Ten others were bitten by monkeys, and of course there were the children, drenched in tears, who weepingly reported, "I'm lost!"—58 by actual count.

In more than a century, the county fair has grown in popularity despite the lure of the more modern forms of entertainment. "Americans simply are fair-conscious," says John Giles, president of the Reading Fair. "It seems there's something they just can't resist about the combination of homespun fun and healthy competition."

Three-quarters of a ton of champion Percheron is maneuvered into proper stance by its owner, William Page



A Mink's-Eye View of HOLLYWOOD

By ARTHUR MARX

Hollywood stars stick closer to mink than minks do. Their "official" furrier, Al Teitelbaum, knows who begs, borrows or buys it. And if it's mink-dyed muskrat, Al won't tell

THE mink coat is Hollywood's badge of importance, the indispensable garment for a movie actress. At big social affairs, minks are considered as essential as shoes by stars and starlets alike.

But mink coats cost a great deal more than shoes. How can starlets making a couple of hundred dollars a week afford to buy mink coats priced at five or six thousand?

They can't. Most of the glamorous minks worn by starlets at Hollywood *premieres* and on other gala occasions are rented by their studios and must be shed, Cinderella fashion, at the end of the evening. Only instead of turning into pumpkins, the coats are returned to the huge storage vault at Teitelbaum the Furrier.

Al Teitelbaum's fur company was started by his father, Nathan, in Chicago about 40 years ago. It has been catering almost exclusively to studios and picture people since 1917, when it moved its headquarters to California.

Teitelbaum probably knows more about the lives and loves of Hollywood personalities than Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons combined, and more about their financial condition than the National Retail Credit Association. An actress's entire progress in the picture business, he says, can be traced by the furs she sports.

"It's very simple," explains Teitelbaum. "When a girl is first breaking into the movies, she belongs to the rented-coat brigade. When she signs her first contract, she blows herself to one of the less expensive fur coats, like a beaver or a seal. And when her option's been picked up a couple of times and



JANE WYMAN

ROSALIND RUSSELL
LINDA DARNELL

LANA TURNER
HEDY LAMARR

BARBARA STANWYCK

SHELLEY WINTERS
BETTE DAVIS

it looks as if she's going to be in the chips for a while, she buys herself a basic mink."

A good, serviceable "hasic mink" can be had for as little as \$3,000 and as much as \$15,000. The advantage of the basic mink is that it's an all-purpose coat; it can be worn with any outfit, on any occasion, and a girl never has to feel self-conscious about being seen in it.

Teitelbaum contends that the song is wrong, that a mink, not a diamond, is a girl's best friend. But he also is careful to add that it's much more difficult to get a mink.

In the good old days—the days of free spending in Hollywood—studios often presented actresses with bonus fur coats. After Deanna Durbin, at the age of thirteen, gave Universal a powerful shove toward the black ink with her first hit picture, *Three Smart Girls*, the studio gave her a \$10,000 full-length white ermine number.

But today, with movie studios more budget-conscious than ever before, that sort of generosity has disappeared—although a studio with faith in the star-potential of a young actress occasionally will advance her the money to buy a coat.

Despite the emphasis on economy, studios are just as mink-conscious as they were during the lush days. Even though an actress can't afford a mink coat of her own, it's important for publicity's sake that she be seen in one, not only around Hollywood, but wherever she goes. When Arlene Dahl, for example, signed her first contract with Warner Brothers, she had to make a six-week publicity junket throughout the East. Warners laid out \$1,800 to rent a mink coat, a white ermine stole

and a leopard sport jacket for her, so she would look well groomed for her fans. Every place that Arlene went, the women were envious.

But when she returned to Hollywood, the furs went back to Teitelbaum's.

It was a year before Arlene actually bought something at Teitelbaum's—a \$400 fox stole. Since then, Teitelbaum says, she's really "arrived"; she now owns what is considered the *pièce de résistance* of the fur trade—a Black Mist mink coat.

It's Rare, Beautiful and Expensive

The Black Mist, a lush-looking, dark-colored fur, is made of the latest breed of pure strain ranch mink. It is sold exclusively by Teitelbaum, who says there are only 19 of the coats in America today. Not only does the \$12,500-\$15,000 price tag put them beyond the range of the average buyer's pocketbook, but the pelts are so rare that Teitelbaum hasn't been able to turn out many.

His well-equipped Beverly Hills shop only recently completed the nineteenth, for Jane Wyman, who was thus able to join the select order which includes, among others, Yvonne De Carlo, Barbara Stanwyck, Hedy Lamarr, Louella Parsons, Benay Venuta, Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell and Mrs. Harry Warner.

Besides being able to gauge an actress's professional progress by the furs she wears, Teitelbaum is able to keep close tabs on his clients' domestic affairs. When a married couple is on the verge of splitting up, Teitelbaum is often the first to know; the wife generally deposits her furs in his vault for

safekeeping—so the husband won't sell them when she isn't looking. Or sometimes the court orders the furs placed in Teitelbaum's vault until settlement is made. When an estranged wife has forty or fifty thousand dollars' worth of furs, the community property laws don't always permit her to keep them.

A couple of years ago, a wealthy playboy married an up-and-coming starlet, but wasn't sure she loved him. To test her devotion, he promised her two mink skins a month—from Teitelbaum's, of course. At the end of four years, if they were still married, she was to have a coat made from the pelts. It worked all right for two months, but then the starlet grew impatient (how long could she be expected to walk around in a cloth coat?) and coaxed her loving husband to raise the ante to two skins a week. "I could see what was coming," recalls Teitelbaum. At the end of one year, the wife had accumulated enough skins to have her coat made. The week after it was finished, she sued for divorce.

Although Joan Crawford doesn't have a Black Mist to her name, Teitelbaum regards her as Hollywood's champion fur collector and leading connoisseur. Miss Crawford has more than 35 furs, including ermine, sable and mink. "She can discuss furs with the same authority as a dealer," says Teitelbaum. "And why not? She has as many furs as most furriers!"

Hedy Lamarr is somewhat of an authority too. When she orders a mink coat, she insists on personally examining every skin for defects.

Teitelbaum never ceases to be amazed by the

DRAWING BY AL HIRSCHFELD



ARLENE DAHL
AVA GARDNER

YVONNE DE CARLO

BETTY HUTTON

JOAN CRAWFORD

RYTA HAYWORTH

LOUELLA PARSONS

TEITELBAUM

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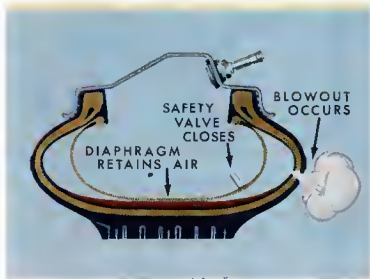
HERE'S PROOF:



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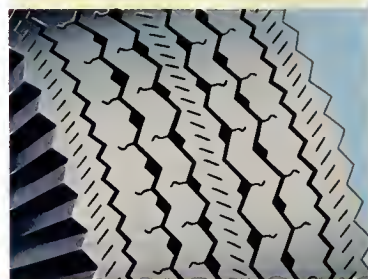
HERE'S PROOF:



When a blowout occurs in an ordinary tire, it goes flat instantly and your car may go out of control. But Firestone Supremes have an exclusive Safety Diaphragm and Safety Valve, shown in the cross-section above. If a blowout should occur, only the air between the tire and the Safety Diaphragm rushes out. The Safety Valve closes instantly, retaining the bulk of the air and enabling you to bring your car to a safe, straight-line stop without swerving and without any dangerous tug on the steering wheel.



Inside the cord body of the Firestone Supreme Tire, there is a layer of soft, gummy, sticky rubber, as shown in the cross-section above. If a nail or any similar sharp object should manage to penetrate the extra tough tread and extra tough tire body, this tacky sealant will cling to it, preventing loss of air. In recent tests, Firestone Supreme Tires have been driven over boards containing four-inch spikes, yet the punctures were sealed instantly and without any perceptible loss of air.



The exclusive Firestone Safe-Grip tread gives you three-way protection against skidding and loss of traction. First, it has thousands of sharp-edged angles. Second, it has exclusive Skid-Resisters, which open up like the claws of a cat and dig in when you step on the gas or step on the brake, and close up for smoothness and silence when running. Third, it has sure-footed Traction Boosters on the center and outer ribs which cling to the road. It is the only tire made that gives you triple safety.

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The tread of the Firestone Supreme Tire is built to deliver longest mileage, an important consideration in these days, when horsepower is being so rapidly increased by practically all automobile manufacturers, resulting in increased car speeds and consequently greater wear on the tires.

HERE'S PROOF:



The Sifti-Grip tread is much deeper than the treads of ordinary tires. Furthermore, it is compounded according to a formula that makes the rubber far more resistant to wear. In addition, the non-skid elements are so scientifically designed that they give maximum mileage as well as unequalled protection against skidding, and traction that is unsurpassed, a unique combination of features which enables you to get the utmost in both safety AND mileage. It gives you most miles per dollar.



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FEDERAL TIRES... Good for a long safe ride!

Mink is a girl's best friend, says the

eccentricities of some of his customers. When Betty Hutton comes into the shop, he has to lock the doors, because she spreads furs all over the floor. And Ava Gardner once took off her shoes; she wanted to see how the furs would feel to her bare feet. Anita Colby once had her eye on a very expensive mink coat. When Teitelbaum told her the price, she looked at him, shocked, and exclaimed: "Don't you have anything in a working girl's mink?"

Shelley Hesitated Too Long

Several months ago, Shelley Winters fell in love with one of Teitelbaum's mink coats, but because of the price, she couldn't decide whether to buy it. After a week of indecision, she finally told Teitelbaum to go ahead and sell it to someone else, if he could. He did, about ten minutes later, to a wealthy Texan, who paid \$8,000 cash. The next day, Shelley rushed into Teitelbaum's, all excited, and said she had decided to make the plunge after all.

She was furious when she learned that Teitelbaum had already sold the coat.

"You said you didn't want it," explained Teitelbaum.

"Well, you ought to know better, than to pay any attention to what I say," protested Shelley. "You should have known I wanted it."

Frequently stars get into trouble with their business managers because of their desire to accumulate more furs than is good for their bank rolls. A couple of years ago, Linda Darnell had her eye on a blue mink coat that cost \$12,000. When her business manager said no, Linda fired him. Then, before hiring a new manager, Linda bought the coat.

Sometimes there is mink-coat rivalry between important actresses. When Lana Turner and Linda Christian were vying for Tyrone Power's hand, Lana got off the plane from an Eastern trip wearing one mink and carrying a spare over her arm. Not to be outdone, Miss Christian, when she embarked on a plane for San Francisco the following day, was photographed wearing one mink coat and carrying two over her arm. Whether this strategy had anything to do with her eventual marriage to Power is not known. Teitelbaum did not supply Christian's furs.

Although he keeps busy meeting the demands of individual actresses, a large part of Teitelbaum's business comes directly from studios. He is considered the official furrier for the whole movie industry.

When an actress has to wear a mink for a part, the studio rents the coat from Teitelbaum, who often makes it up to order. Just any old \$10,000 mink coat off the rack won't do. There are problems of lighting and background which the average furrier isn't familiar with. Studios have tried other furriers, but they always return to Teitelbaum. A rival dealer recently arranged with the producers of the Joan Crawford picture, *Sudden Fear*, to supply all the required furs for nothing. But when Miss Crawford saw tests of herself in the furs, she refused to wear them.

The use of Teitelbaum furs in so many pictures has made him a pace-setter in fashion. Until about 15 years ago, all mink coats were dark; light skins were so hard to sell that trappers who caught light minks would dye them. Then Rosalind Russell made a movie in which she was supposed to emerge from a murky hall wearing a mink. In the dim light, she could hardly be seen in a dark coat, so Teitelbaum made one of light skins for her. When the picture

was released, women all over the country began asking for light-colored mink.

Of course, some furs used in pictures will never become popular, which is probably just as well. Cecil B. de Mille, who's going to make a film called *The Ten Commandments* this fall, has placed an order for lion skins, tiger skins, leopard skins, cheetah skins, hyena skins, and gorilla skins.

That's a tough order, even for Teitelbaum. African leopard pelt, for example, is as hard to find these days as a 35-cent lunch. As a result, the leopard skins will cost De Mille about \$135 apiece, which can add up to a tidy sum when several hundred are called for. Teitelbaum suggested to De Mille that he use Indian leopard skins, which are plentiful and only one tenth as expensive.

"Indian leopard skins!" exclaimed De Mille indignantly. "Can you imagine what the public would say if it got around that De Mille was using Indian leopard skins in a Biblical picture?"

To balance this example of fussiness, Teitelbaum tells another story. The script of Anna Lucasta called for Paulette Goddard to wear a cheap, battered kidskin coat, the kind a poor girl would wear. So Columbia called up Teitelbaum and asked him to supply a mink coat that would resemble kidskin!

"We don't feel," said the head of the costume department, "that we can ask an important star to wear anything but mink."

Turning mink to kidskin was a tough assignment, but not so disagreeable as another task the movie industry sometimes imposes on Teitelbaum: taking perfectly good (and salable) mink coats and making them look old and disreputable. He now has the process down to a science. Wincing, he plucks pieces of fur out of a coat with tweezers, beats the garment with paddles, and, when that doesn't work, uses a special tumbling device, a round revolving drum that contains a sharp, heavy, unattached weight. The coat is put inside the drum and left to tumble with the heavy weight until the desired effect is achieved.

The Film He Saw Ten Times

Another occasional poser is the job of duplicating exactly a coat that no longer exists. Recently, Bette Davis talked the producers of one of her pictures into letting her wear her own mink coat in the film. When the picture was over, Miss Davis sold her mink and bought a new one. That would have been all right if the picture hadn't required a lot of retakes. By then the mink Davis had worn in the part had been dismantled. Teitelbaum had to sit through ten showings of the picture so he could copy the coat exactly, and it was several months before the additional scenes could be shot.

Perhaps Teitelbaum's greatest disappointment occurred after Columbia had ordered a skintight white ermine dress for Rita Hayworth to wear in *Gilda*. Teitelbaum's experts slaved over the dress for weeks, to make it fit perfectly. Miss Hayworth had at least 18 fittings. "It was the best job we've ever done," says Teitelbaum sadly—sadly, because when he went to see the picture, he discovered that the dress was used in only one scene, and then not on Rita. She was carrying it over her shoulder, like an old sack.

That's an extravagant cost Columbia about \$8,000, because the studio had bought the dress outright.

In the light of the Davis and Hayworth episodes, the advantages of the rental system are obvious.

Hollywood fur king. And he should know

In the Barbara Stanwyck picture, *Mad Miss Manton*, for example, more than \$300,000 worth of furs was rented—for \$25,000. Of course, \$25,000 is a lot of money, but when you consider what goes into creating \$300,000 worth of furs, it's a good price.

Pelts cost Teitelbaum from thirty to two hundred dollars each, depending on the breed of mink, and it takes from 70 to 90 skins to make one coat. They have to be cut to exact lengths and sewn together; and each coat is individually styled. It's the labor, in fact, that runs the cost of mink coats sky-high.

Another problem that must be taken into account when Teitelbaum quotes a rental charge is that coats made up especially for one picture are of little use to him afterward. Some are dismantled and made into other fur pieces; a few are put in his vault, which has storage space for over 3,000 furs, in hopes that they can be used in another picture; and the rest are sold at a yearly auction.

The auctions—at which a slightly used \$5,000 coat might go for as little as \$2,500—are a comparatively new adjunct of Teitelbaum's business. He thought of them one day while wondering how to defray the losses on rental coats that weren't quite good enough to sell in his shop. The auctions were an immediate success.

"You'd be amazed," says Teitelbaum, "how anxious a woman can be to buy a coat that Elizabeth Taylor wore in some picture."

As might be expected in Hollywood, Teitelbaum is constantly harassed by customers with unconventional orders. Mink-covered telephones, an ermine coat for a dachshund, a fur-lined bathtub, mink G-strings for burlesque dancers, an ermine Christmas tree, zebra picture frames, a leopard umbrella sheath with matching spats, peach ermine pants for a wrestler and a white ermine-covered typewriter (for a producer who wanted to encourage his wife to write short stories), are just a few of the oddities Teitelbaum has made up to order. One movie producer even went so far as to order a skunk-covered television set just to show TV producers what he thought of their medium.

Skunk-covered television is a far cry from the commonplace retail fur business Nathan Teitelbaum thought he was establishing almost 40 years ago in

Chicago. Even when he moved to Hollywood in 1917, he had no thought of getting involved with picture makers. But after a few months, he discovered that the other furriers in town were loath to do business with the studios. Pictures were still in their infancy; studios were rated bad business risks; and picture people were looked upon with suspicion.

But Nathan was willing to gamble. When a studio couldn't afford to pay for its furs, he would lend the coats for nothing. Sometimes he accepted stock certificates as payment. Frequently the certificates proved worthless (he has a trunk full of them today) but the good will he created eventually made up for the cash losses.

Suspicious of Talking Movies

Once, in 1927, a young man named Al Jolson came into the store to buy a mink coat for Ruby Keeler. Jolson didn't want to pay cash, but he offered Teitelbaum a block of stock in Warner Brothers. That company was then producing a movie called *The Jazz Singer*, which starred Jolson and featured some newfangled process involving the use of sound. Cautious after having been stung so many times, Teitelbaum called his banker for advice.

"Don't take the stock," warned the banker. "Warner Brothers is on the market for \$400,000, with no takers. They won't be in business two weeks."

Ruby Keeler never got the mink, and Teitelbaum never got the stock—which today would be worth about \$200,000. When Nathan, who is now sixty-two, retired in 1946, he turned the entire business over to Al. A hulking, broad-shouldered man of thirty-seven, Al Teitelbaum lives today in Santa Monica with his wife, Sylvia, and their two children: Ronny, fourteen, and Julie, eleven.

Genial and generous, he operates his fashionable fur salon with the aplomb of a country-store proprietor. He has a smile for everyone; he's been known to pay parking tickets for clients who've parked too long in front of his shop; and he has a heart large enough to encompass anyone in trouble.

Often, if a starlet needs a mink coat for a "private appearance," and she can't afford to pay the rent, Teitelbaum lets her wear one for the evening without charge. When a famous old-time star tried a comeback a few years ago, Teitelbaum lent her one of his best mink coats for a couple of weeks while she interviewed the agents and producers.

He could afford it. Last year, his business did a \$1,500,000 retail gross.

The most expensive coat he has ever made was a \$65,000 Russian sable bought by a South American. Teitelbaum wasn't told whom the coat was for, "and I didn't ask."

The Hollywood furrier has learned, through bitter experience, to be very discreet about such matters. Sometimes he discovers that a man is buying a coat for his next wife before breaking all ties with his present one. "But if I ever told who bought what for whom and for what reason," says Al Teitelbaum, "I'd probably lose all my customers. That stuff's all right for the gossip columnists, but all I want to do is sell furs."

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Golden brown broiled chicken comes out from under the fire. The key to successful broiling is frequent basting during the 30 to 40 minutes required to cook chicken

Broiled chicken, the finished product, arrives on the table served with cranberry sauce, potatoes, parsley and radishes. A garden salad often is served with broiler



Poultry's

By HARRY BOTSFORD

Poultry—be it chicken, duck, turkey or what have you—gives the imaginative chef a chance to win glowing praise. Here are some recipes guaranteed to qualify as conversation pieces

GRANDMOTHER would hold up a dressed chicken and admire it. It would be plump, and the skin would be white. "This one," she would say judiciously, "we will broil. Here it is September, and the broilers and fryers are perfect. Now, if this were a heavier and an older bird, it would go into the stew pot, and we would have stewed chicken and dumplings for supper."

Her judgment was infallible. She raised her own chickens, ducks and turkeys and practically knew them all by their first names. Today's housewife, however, can go to the market and walk away with prime broilers and fryers, roasting chickens, fat ducks or midget turkeys, all in the portions her family prefers.

Even so, the modern housewife can't improve on the way Grandmother broiled chicken. To do it, select a 1½- to 2-pound bird, have the butcher slit it lengthwise, lifting out the backbone, and break the major joints. This makes the bird easier to cook, easier to handle on the plate. The cooking involves but little work. Rub halves lightly with soft butter and bacon fat in equal proportions. Salt and pepper, place skin side down in a shallow pan, 5-6 inches from the heat in a preheated broiler. Broil slowly for 15-20 minutes, basting several times with the pan juices. Turn and broil 15-20 minutes more, basting frequently. Garnish with parsley; serve with cranberry sauce, hot biscuits, green beans or asparagus and a garden salad. Plan on half a broiler per person.

Poets have composed rousing verses about the undeniable charm and succulence of fried chicken, especially Southern fried chicken. Anywhere in the South, fried chicken is beyond reproach, and it is difficult to single out one regional recipe for special mention. Chicken, Maryland style, however, is one of the leaders in the corn-pone sector, and it has great virtue. Here it is:

Chicken, Maryland Style

Fryers, 2½ pounds
Lean salt pork, 4 slices
Flour
Chopped chives and parsley
Butter, 1 ounce
Light cream, 1 cup
Cream sauce, 1 cup
Pepper and salt

Roll the pork in flour, fry in the butter over medium heat. When crisp, remove the pork, add disjointed chicken, which has been washed, dried, dipped in milk and rolled in seasoned flour. Fry until tender, turning often to keep the browning even. Remove the chicken and keep it warm. Drain the fat from the frying pan, add cream and bring to a boil, scraping the pan and stirring until the mixture has reduced to ½ cup by evaporation. Add the cream sauce, boil for 3 minutes and strain over the chicken. Sprinkle with chopped chives and parsley, for an appetizing appearance. Candied sweet potatoes, a tomato and green pepper salad and a lot of hot biscuits constitute a meal that will make you feel like standing up and singing Dixie.

My secretary, equally competent in the kitchen and the office, prepares fried chicken to the king's

Collier's for September 13, 1952

Popular

taste. The outside of the chicken is brown, crusty and crunchy, the interior tender and filled with juices. This is how she does it:

Fried Chicken

Start with 2 fryers, about 3½ pounds, cut into serving pieces. Wash, dry and rub heavily with salt. Cover with waxed paper and place in the refrigerator to chill for 6 hours.

Drop pieces of chicken into a bag containing flour and shake to coat each piece. Brown in ¼ cup of shortening and ¼ cup of butter or margarine, turning often. Add ½ teaspoon of pepper, ¼ cup of dry white wine and ¼ cup of warm water. Simmer, covered, for 45 minutes or until tender. In a separate frying pan, brown again the pieces of chicken in fresh butter and shortening to obtain a crust. Be sure the pieces are evenly browned, crisp and crunchy. This recipe will serve 8.

My Aunt Jane had a way with a chicken. I virtually drool when I recall her baked chicken pudding, a tasty affair she once fed me when I dropped in unexpectedly after a day of hunting grouse. True, I had eaten a hearty breakfast, but at noon I had contented myself with a meager lunch of 4 ham sandwiches, a couple of pickles and 3 deviled eggs. By the time I reached Aunt Jane's gaunt old farmhouse on a side hill, I was ravenous. She smiled quietly, snapped out a word of command to her hired man, who grinned, picked up an ax and started to the chicken coop. That night I feasted with the robust hunger of a healthy teenager—which is to say, I probably ate more than my share of the chicken pudding.

Baked Chicken Pudding

Chickens, young, 2
Salt, pepper, pinch of mace
Butter, 2 tablespoons
Milk, 1 quart
Eggs, well beaten, 6
Flour to make a thin batter
Tiny pinch of cinnamon

The washed, disjointed chickens were placed in a pot with salt, pepper and mace, covered with boiling water and the butter added. The pot simmered for about 30 minutes, then the pieces of chicken were removed and cooled. Milk, eggs, flour and salt were blended into a batter. Aunt Jane would place a layer of chicken in the bottom of a baking dish, cover it with batter, then follow with more layers of chicken, more batter, ending up with just enough batter to cover. A quick whisk of cinnamon, and the pudding was baked in a medium oven, 325 degrees, until the top was a light and delicate brown. Into the gravy in which the chicken was boiled she broke an egg, beat it with a fork and stirred the mixture constantly. She brought the gravy to a boil, seasoned it and served it separately. Under ordinary circumstances, the baked chicken pudding is ample for 4 to 5, but when I had finished, although Aunt Jane had partaken frugally, there was little left.

Stewed chicken and dumplings, properly prepared, represent one of the finest of rural and urban chicken dishes. The chicken can be meltingly tender, the dumplings just a shade heavier than a feather, and there should be lashings of cream gravy. Here is how it was done three centuries ago in our family, and how it's best done today:

Chicken and Dumplings

Stewing chicken, 4-5 pounds, 1
Sprig parsley, 1
Onion, whole, 1
Thyme, 1 pinch
Bay leaf, 1
Celery stalk, 1
Vinegar, 1 tablespoon
Boiling water to cover
Salt and pepper

Have the butcher cut the chicken into serving pieces. Wash, cover with boiling water, add vinegar,



Fried chicken, simmered in white wine and water, must be browned evenly before it is served. Chicken will be crispier if transferred to a second pan with fresh fat

Spanish rice, asparagus and sprig of watercress compliment the savory goodness of fried chicken. And here's a tip: for better flavor, chill chicken before cooking





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Dumplings, dressing and biscuits give an

which serves as a bleach to the chicken and yet does not alter the basic taste. Add onion, celery, parsley, thyme and bay leaf. Simmer, covered, until tender, probably about 2 hours, then remove the celery, onion and parsley.

Thicken the broth for gravy, with sifted flour and water heated to the consistency of cream. Use enough to make about a cup of thickening. Add slowly to the pot and stir vigorously, after turning up the heat.

Dumplings

Use a prepared biscuit mix according to package directions, or make your own as follows:

Flour, sifted, 2 cups
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Baking powder, 3 teaspoons
Shortening, 1 tablespoon
Milk

Sift the dry ingredients in a bowl, add shortening and milk to form a soft dough. By this time, the level of the gravy should be lower, with pieces of the chicken rising above the surface. Drop the dough, a tablespoon at a time, onto the chicken to form the dumplings. Don't allow any of the dumpling dough to cook directly in the liquid gravy. Replace the lid, tightly. Boil gently for 12-15 minutes. Do not lift the lid to peek. Place the chicken on a large platter, surround with the dumplings, cover all with the rich gravy. Add a sprinkle of shredded parsley as a garnish.

A tart coleslaw, tangy and delicately flecked with celery seeds, is very companionable, and that's about all you need for a memorable meal.

Roast chicken is a favorite in many homes; it can be prepared with either a young or an elderly bird. Wash, dry and salt the inside lightly and stuff and truss or tie into shape. Cut off the neck bones after folding back the skin. Close the opening by sewing or lacing string across toothpicks stuck in each side. Fold the wings across the back, over the neck skin. The lower opening will be covered if the drumsticks are crossed and tied down to the tail. Rub the exterior with butter, salt and pepper. Place on a rack in an open roasting pan, breast side down. Cook in a 300- to 350-degree oven until tender, basting frequently for 3 to 3½ hours. This is perfect for a young hen, but with an older bird, you should cover the roaster after the bird is browned, giving more time for the meat to become tender. Turn the bird breast side up for the latter part of the cooking period. The chicken is done when the joints move easily under a little pressure. Remove string or skewers before serving.

The dressing? Here is an all-time favorite, on the dry side, but flavored with herbs:

Plain Dressing

Bread crumbs, soft, 4 cups
Salt, 1 teaspoon
Pepper, ½ teaspoon
Sage or thyme, ½ teaspoon
Onion, minced, medium, 1
Melted butter, ½ cup

Combine bread crumbs, salt, pepper, herbs, onion and toss lightly. Pour on the melted butter and continue tossing to coat the mixture evenly. For variations, add ½ cup diced celery and 2 tablespoons chopped parsley. Another nice idea: add ¼ pound of spiced sausage meat to bread crumbs, but use only about half as much butter.

Every nation has its favorite chicken dish and we have adopted many of them, with slight American variations. Hungary produced chicken paprika, and in any language it's a good dish. Here is one of the best recipes:

Chicken Paprika

Chicken, 4-pound
Flour
Salt, 1 tablespoon
Pepper, 1 teaspoon
Butter, ½ cup
Onions, chopped, 2
Paprika, 1½-2 tablespoons
Tomatoes, canned, 2½ cups
Pinch of oregano
Noodles, 1 package

Wash, dry and cut the chicken into serving pieces, rub with flour, salt and pepper; sauté in butter until brown, adding the paprika and onions when the chicken first starts to attain color. Add the tomatoes and oregano when the chicken has been browned and let simmer for 1 hour, covered. Add noodles, pushing them down into the liquid to cover the chicken. Cover and simmer for another hour. Serve on a large platter, with the chicken arranged in the center, the noodles ringing the dish. Handsome and delicately spicy, the dish automatically calls for a green vegetable and a good salad. Fruit is the perfect dessert and if there is a cold bottle of white wine in the refrigerator, there's no better or more appropriate time to serve it.

In France you will enjoy Poulet Marengo. The waiter may tell you that the dish was invented by Napoleon, a statement that is somewhat debatable. Recipes differ, but here is what is said to be the authentic French formula:

Poulet Marengo

Chicken, 3-4 pounds, 1
Vegetable fat, 2 tablespoons
Butter, 3 tablespoons
Onions, finely sliced, 3
Garlic, minced, ½ clove
Dry white wine, ½ cup
Flour, 2 tablespoons
Tomato paste, 2 tablespoons
Salt and pepper
Pinch of oregano
Mushrooms, ½ pound

Brown the disjointed chicken in butter or fat, add onions and garlic, cook until they attain color, sprinkle with flour, stir and moisten with wine. Add the tomato paste, salt, pepper and oregano. Cover the skillet or casserole and simmer for 30 minutes. Add the mushrooms, cut in thick slices, and simmer for 15 minutes; correct seasonings, serve on a hot platter.

For the American table, curry of chicken is in the modern mood, piquant but delicate in taste, one of the finest of curry dishes.

Curry of Chicken

Chicken, 3-4 pounds, 1
Onion, diced, 1
Curry powder, 2 teaspoons
Butter or fat, 2 tablespoons
Light cream, ½ cup
Tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons
Lemon juice, 1 teaspoon
Consommé, 2 tablespoons

Wash, dry and sauté disjointed chicken, onion and curry powder in butter, over moderate heat, until it is golden brown. Add cream, tomato sauce, consommé and lemon juice. Turn the chicken frequently until it is tender—this takes 30-40 minutes. Serve piping hot, with a garnish of small pickled onions and plenty of chutney. With this dish 1 like a green salad and hot biscuits, and fruit for dessert.

Thanks to modern refrigeration, you can now buy livers, legs, wings or breasts in any quantity desired. You can buy quick-frozen birds, whole or in sections, virtually ready for cookery. Moreover, modern poultry raising has

Collier's for September 13, 1952

Opportunity for culinary surprises

produced a pampered fowl—chickens, ducks and turkeys that eat the right food in a prescribed quantity, and are not permitted much in the way of vulgar exercise. Exercise tends to make the poultry tough, so most marketable poultry live sheltered lives. In addition, the poultry people have developed new and exciting types of fowl: chicken that is mostly white meat, plump and tender; and a turkey of only 5-7 pounds, tender beyond description, priced reasonably, that is available in most areas.

Of all poultry, the duck in its native state is probably the most unlovely. But when properly roasted and served on a silver platter, it becomes a sight to behold and amazingly good to the taste. A duck reaches maturity at 12 weeks, and an older one is not nearly as good. At 9 weeks, it is perfection.

You start out with a few easy motions: remove and wash the giblets, push back the skin around the neck and cut off the neck with one smart blow of the cleaver. With the same instrument, cut off the wing tips. Wash the duck thoroughly, inside and out, with cold water. Dry it carefully.

Fill with your favorite dressing. The duck need not be trussed. Roast in a 325-degree oven, uncovered, on the rack of your roasting pan. Many cookbooks tell you to prick the duck with a sharp fork to release the fat. Nonsense! When you prick a roasting duck, fat sprays out against the sides of the oven, creating smoke and stench. Low-pressure heat does the trick, without splatter and fuss. After 1 hour of roasting, brush the duck with 2 tablespoons of honey and 1 teaspoon of Kitchen Bouquet or soy sauce—this will guarantee a brown, crackly exterior.

Timing

Drawn weight 3½ to 5 pounds
Medium well done
25 minutes per pound
Well done . . . 30-35 minutes per pound
Drawn weight 5 to 7 pounds
Medium well done

18 minutes per pound
Well done . . . 22-25 minutes per pound

The duck will be tender and delicious. Place it on a large platter and surround with slices of orange and spiced pears. To go with the duck, I suggest boiled yams, spinach in a butter and lemon

dressing, a salad of grapefruit and thin sliced Italian onions in a tart French dressing. A fruit tart is an appropriate dessert for this meal.

In the past, the turkey has been something of a problem child, because of its size. Now that breeders have developed a turkey that often weighs no more than 5 pounds, even a small family can enjoy a turkey dinner without worrying about the left-overs.

The rules for roasting a turkey are simple. Clean, wash, dry and fill with your favorite stuffing, and truss. Rub the skin with butter and flour and place in a 475-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes—just long enough for the skin to become dappled with areas of brown. Baste and lower the temperature to 325 degrees; baste every 15 minutes. The time: after browning, 20-22 minutes per pound for the small stuffed bird. A half-hour before the bird is done, turn the breast down. Test for tenderness by moving the end of the leg up and down. If it moves easily, your bird is cooked to perfection. Turn off heat, lift the bird to a platter and place in the still-warm oven for 10 minutes before serving. With roast turkey, I vote for the traditional fixin's of mashed potatoes, a green vegetable and spicy, tangy, crisp coleslaw. Don't forget the hot biscuits and cranberry sauce and—if possible—pumpkin or mince pie, slightly warm, as the dessert, with a liberal piece of cheese.

The testimony in regard to the succulence of poultry is diverse and compelling. I remember an interview with A-No. 1, probably the most famous of American tramps, a cultured gentleman who had traveled nearly 700,000 miles at a total cost of \$6.72. He had been a chronic free-loader, but when I knew him he had retired from hobnobbing and gone into the real-estate business in Erie, Pennsylvania.

"When I was very hungry," he said of the old days, "I'd case a town until I found a house where they were cooking chicken. I had a nose for spotting such places. I'd wait until the meal was just about over, then I'd go to the back door and ask for a handout. It never failed; people who had been well fed were always glad to share their leftovers with me. No, sir, there's nothing in the world like poultry for a friendly, satisfying meal."



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COLLIER'S

"I must be getting good. He says that last letter is a collector's item!"

DORIS MATTHEWS

Collier's for September 13, 1952

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



ELIMINATION RACE

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

He knew he had one more race left in him; he was good for one more crack at the Indianapolis classic. But he needed a car. To get one, he had to amuse Banderson—who thought death was fun

IN SEPTEMBER he knew he would be all right for another chance at the big one in May. The arm was coming back, even though the doctors had said it wouldn't. So, without letting Sally know, he had got in touch with Rikert, and Rikert had said yes, he was entering two cars, but he had the drivers all lined up and he couldn't change. And Wade Ralson, remembering the tone of Rikert's voice, the cool politeness, knew that the word had gone out, knew that the owners considered that Wade Ralson, after twelve tries at Indianapolis, was had news. Experience couldn't cancel out bad luck. A third and a fourth in twelve years. And finishing only four times, and then that thing last year.

So one October night, after scrubbing the garage grease off his hands, and after the kids had left the kitchen table, and Sally was at the sink, her back to him, he said, as casually as he could, "I've been trying to get a car for next year." It didn't sound casual. It sounded too flat and too final.

She stood very still and didn't move for a long time. Then she held another dish under the tap and said, without turning, "Why, Wade?"

"It's been the luck. I've got the skill and the judgment for one more try. Twelve tries and—"

"You want to try it the thirteenth time," she said, so softly that he barely heard her.

She dropped the dish in the sink and he heard it

smash. She turned slowly and said, "It isn't for you to decide. I saw you roll and burn, Wade. I saw it happen and I knew you were dead, because nobody could live through that, and I was sure you were dead. And I sat by your bed all those weeks while they were doing the grafts and giving you the plasma. So you can't say I ever hacked out before. All the stinking tracks and the clunker heaps you drove, and that smash at Cleveland and over the rail at Miami . . ." She took a deep breath. "You and Ginger own the garage, and he's fool enough not to care if you take advantage of him by running off for just one more time. But I won't go through it again."

He had felt his face redden. "You won't go through it again?"

"No, Wade."

"Exactly how the hell do you expect to stop me?" he asked.

"You'll do it. I won't stop you. I know that. But I won't be there. I won't even let myself think about it. And if you come back, maybe we can make some kind of a life, but it won't ever be the same again. Ever, ever, ever."

And she had run from the kitchen, leaving him alone there with his righteous anger. One more time. One more chance, and show them all. If a man never tried again after a really bad one, they said your nerve was gone, and he knew his nerve was fine, and he knew he had a good race left before his thirty-seven-year-old reflexes were too far shot to adjust to running like a bomb by the grandstand, knocking two hundred, with the sleek skin of the other wagons just inches away.

And it was all different between Sally and him while he was trying to get a car. He didn't bring it up again and neither did she, and once he woke up in the night to hear her weeping softly beside him, and he pretended he was still asleep.

She'd always been a good race driver's wife, with a grandstand smile, but now all that was shot

to hell just when he could take the big one, take that sixty thousand dollars lying around loose and waiting for him.

After a while there were no car owners left but Banderson, down on his Florida place, and Banderson said, "I can't promise anything, but come on down if you can, and we'll talk it over."

It was a bad thing dealing with Banderson, because there was something strange about him. He'd put the money into the big cars, and money into the drivers, and it never seemed to mean much to him except the power-sense, the indirect way of killing a man. He got good drivers and they would work with him once and never again.

SO WADE drew the money and took Ginger's good-luck handshake, and Sally's mechanical parting kiss, with nothing at all in her eyes, and he rode a coach down to Florida, down to Banderson's town. He got a room and washed up and took a nap. He checked out and took a cab out to Banderson's big place on the key, a big, showy, white place overlooking the Gulf. The cab swung up into the circular shell drive and let him out. As it drove away, he stood for a time, aware of how he looked—a little rumpled, a little strained; a big man with hard, oversized hands and a face made of hard bones.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon, and the Cuban servant told Wade he was expected, that there was a room ready for him, but that Mr. Banderson was resting and could not be disturbed until later. When he woke up, he would be told that Mr. Ralson had arrived. If Mr. Ralson cared to go out onto the beach, there were swimming trunks available, sir.

Wade didn't want to swim, but he did wander out onto the beach, past the patio and swimming pool and barbecue area.

One of the Cuban servants found him on the beach and told him that Mr. Banderson would like

Wade slowed more than usual, bugging the rail, tempting the kid to swing high and wide. He saw the orange flash as the kid gobbled the bait. Then he looked back and saw that only the red car was tailing him . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY



to see him by the pool. Wade went back up the sea-wall steps, across the patio, and to the pool. Mr. Oliver Banderson sat at a metal table under the shade of a gaudy umbrella. He gave Wade a brisk smile as Wade came up to him.

"Sit down, Ralson. Nice to see you again. Drink?"

"Thanks. What have you got there?"

"Rum sour. The boy is good at them." Wade nodded, and the boy smiled and hurried away. Wade said, "Mr. Banderson, I guess it's no secret that after last year it's hard for me to—"

"Let's not start it that way," Banderson said. He was a crisp little elderly man with a mocking smile and a faint and disconcerting slant of one eye, so that it was difficult to look directly at him and make any guess at what he might be thinking. "Let's start it the other way around. You can't get a car anywhere else, so you've come to me."

"That's right, Mr. Banderson."

"And you expect me to risk fifteen thousand dollars' worth of automobile on you. Plus, of course, the incidental expenses."

"I think I can win it."

"So will every other driver next May, Ralson."

"Check my national rating over the past twelve years, Mr. Banderson."

"I have."

"It averages out."

"And Indianapolis was never up to the average, was it?"

"All the more reason why this might be the year. Last year I did a qualifying lap of one thirty-seven point seven."

"And on the hundred and fourteenth lap of the big one, you gave the crowd just what they came there to see."

THE boy brought the drink, and Wade picked it up, turning the small glass in his big fingers. He felt dull anger. "And what you were there to see too, Mr. Banderson?"

"I saw a fifteen-thousand-dollar investment going up in smoke."

"Do I drive for you or don't I?"

"I have to make up my mind about you, Ralson. I'm entering one car. It has been designed, and it's being built. I get delivery in March. It will be faster than the track."

"They're all faster than the track. That place was designed for eighty-five-mile speeds."

"I have a driver for my entry. Johnny Harvester."

Wade stared at him. "Then what's the gag? What am I doing here?"

"You've raced against Harvester. What do you think of him?"

"He hasn't been scared bad enough yet. If the car is fast enough, and if it doesn't break down, and if he can get out of every jam he drives into, he can win for you. In two years, if he lives, he'll be hard to beat."

"How would you beat him in May, assuming you had the same speed?"

"Get on his tail and keep crowding him until he makes his mistake."

Banderson took out his billfold, counted out four fifty-dollar bills, and said, "This will cover your expenses of coming down here, Ralson."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. I wanted to talk to you. I've talked to you."

"And now I can go home, eh?"

"Stay around for the party, at least. A bunch of amusing kids," Banderson looked at his watch. "Johnny Harvester had a tough evening last night. He's taking a long nap."

"He's here?"

"Yes. Don't you want the money?"

Wade shut his hands tightly and managed to smile. "Thanks. I make out."

"With a two-bit repair garage?"

"I make out," he repeated heavily. "But what was the gag? I'd like to know."

"I've made a lot of money judging

people accurately. You haven't got a good race left in you. If you had, I'd prefer you to Johnny."

"I won't beg for anything."

"Isn't that exactly what you've been doing?"

"Pick up the money, or I'll tear it in small hunks, Mr. Banderson."

"That might be amusing."

WADE picked up the bills, tore them in halves, then in quarters, and let them slip from his hand to drift on the Gulf wind. Several pieces fell in the pool, floating on the blue-green water.

Banderson smiled sleepily. "Maybe you still have a chance to drive for me."

"You keep talking in circles. It's like a game with you, isn't it?"

"You want to drive badly, Ralson, don't you?"

"Just skip it, Mr. Banderson," Wade said. "Do me a favor and skip it."



COLLIER'S

"Oh, I think literature is cute"

KATE ORANN

"Here comes our mutual friend."

Johnny Harvester ambled onto the apron of the pool. He wore yellow swimming trunks. He was tanned from a lot of sun. He stared unbelievably at Wade and came over. "Oliver," he said accusingly, "what's Ralson doing here?"

"Now don't get nervous, Johnny," Banderson said.

"I'm not nervous. I just want to know what he's here for. I want to know I'm driving your entry. For two months now you give me this yes-and-no business, and now here's Ralson. I thought you were done, Wade."

"The arm came back."

"Then why aren't you back with Rikert, damn it?"

"He has his drivers."

Johnny sat down at the table. He was puffy under the eyes, and there was a nervous tic at the corner of his mouth.

"Oh, fine," he said bitterly. "This is just dandy."

"You've been doing well, Johnny," Wade said.

"I've been in there a few times. You haven't done any, have you?"

"Not since the accident."

Banderson was watching them both. "Youth versus experience," he said.

Johnny shrugged. "Wade, he likes to keep you on edge. Now he's using you to make me feel uneasy. But he's going to pick me, and I think you know it."

"The confidence of youth, Ralson," Banderson said softly.

"You know where he's getting his real kicks right now?" Johnny said.

For the first time Wade realized that Johnny was half right. "He's got these stock-car kids. They got a circuit and they race here in town every Thursday night. Hopped-up jalopies. Quarter-mile track. Never out of second gear. So Oliver puts up prize money and these kids think he's a great guy, and all he's doing is proving he can push people—"

"Shut up, Johnny," Banderson said. "You're boring us. Go drive in the pool and wash out some of the liquor."

Johnny stared at him, then got up meekly and went to the edge of the pool and dived in. He came up on the far side, reached, and took one of the floating pieces of paper. He said, "Hey, here's a corner off a fifty. And there's another. What goes?"

that the kids were not so much laughing at his anecdotes as at him, the old-timer with wild stories related by alcohol.

Seeing that he had made himself ridiculous, he shut up and began to drink more seriously. After a vague sort of blackout, he found himself with a lean young girl with taffy hair and bold, undisciplined eyes. Nineteen, he thought. Of all of them, she seemed to be the one willing to listen to him, to admire him.

So he talked to her, and she talked to him, and he found out that she was sore at a boy named Scotty Davis, the boy who had brought her. Scotty, she said, was too terribly young, and she certainly preferred a mature man to some stupid kid who thought he was the hottest thing on the stock-car circuit. He thought vaguely and with regret of Sally, and he told himself that if he made a fool of himself over this kid it would be partly Sally's fault: she had sent him away with a deadness in her eyes.

FOOD was cooked outdoors by the Cuban help; everybody ate and it was time to get to the track for the tune-ups. But they had to leave Scotty Davis there, because his girl had angered him so much by her obvious play for Wade that the boy had quite stupidly drunk himself unconscious and could not be roused. Scotty's best friend, a big-shouldered boy named Vance, something, he'd, out of loyalty and friendship, matched drink for drink with Scotty, and so he was in a rather helpless state—not out cold, but unable to drive.

They piled into the cars and went down to the track, driving around and through the private entrance near the pits—only it wasn't pits in the legitimate sense, Wade saw, but a field adjoining the track across from the grandstand. It was an asphalt track, a quarter mile around, banked on the corners. Big floodlights turned it as bright as day. Hillbilly music came over the P.A.

Wade was in a kind of dream state, walking around and looking dully at the battered cars. Chassis of '34-through-'39 Fords, braced with steel pipe.

Frames heavily weighted on the left to hold them down on the turns. Hopped-up Ford and Mercury engines, with dual and triple carburetors. Cars were warming up on the track, skittering and whining around like windup toys.

Wade wandered around with the taffy blonde clinging to his arm; she squeezed his arm tightly against her lean, warm body, chatting breathily about nothing.

Banderson and Johnny Harvester found them over in a corner of the lot. Banderson said, "Now here is a sporting proposition, Wade. Johnny has agreed to it. Two of these boys can't drive to-night. Scotty had Number 48, the gray-and-white job over there. Vance had that bright red-and-yellow Number 18. The mechanics tell me the cars are evenly matched. The final total is twenty laps. Take your pick of the two cars, Wade, and Johnny will take the other one, and the winner drives for me at Indianapolis."

Wade stared at Banderson's knife-edge smile, glinting in the floodlights. "Lot of drinks . . . I don't know."

"If you refuse, Wade, Johnny drives the big one."

"That isn't fair."

"I'm not a particularly fair sort of person, Wade. Wouldn't your little friend like to see how you handle a car?"

"Oh, please, Wade, eh?" she said.

Johnny stood by, smiling, and Wade knew that Johnny was thinking of the five months of layoff, of no racing of any kind. But it was still ridiculous to think of using these jalopies as a qualifying test for Indianapolis.

Wade said slowly, "Let me get it straight. The winner gets a signed contract, Mr. Banderson."

"I promise. You have my word."

"He'll run you off the track, Johnny,"



*"... We moved out on the porch
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the taffy blonde said contemptuously. Johnny tilted his head back and laughed harshly. "Foxy grandpa is going to run me right up into the stands."

"It will be a special treat for the crowd, boys," Banderson said.

"And every one of these punk kids will be out to show us up, if they have to kill somebody," Wade said slowly.

"I'll make it more exciting," Banderson said, still smiling. "I'll put one thousand dollars on top of the normal purse for the feature."

The young taffy blonde got her lips close to Wade's car. "Win it for me, darling," she whispered, "and we'll celebrate in Havana. That's a promise, too."

He looked down into her eyes. They had a feral glitter that reminded him oddly of the look in Banderson's eyes. In all the big races, there were always the young girls who hung around. Death seemed to attract them. He and Sally had laughed about them many times.

"In Havana, then," he said to her.

He picked the gray-and-white 48 and went over it with the mechanic while the girl stood close behind him, watching. He gunned the motor and listened, and made adjustments with his big hands. And then he went out and watched the first race. The kids hammered at each other, nudging the cars, hanging together, picking up to sixty-five on the short straightaways, dropping down on the curves. They were wild and crazy.

Between races, he took the gray-and-white jolt around the track, hearing the vague hush of his own name over the P.A., the rumble of applause. He took a slow lap, and then two fast ones, alone on the track, learning the pitch of the curves, the feel of the car. It was a good, hot, responsive little car, with a startling pickup. The liquor began to fade out of him, leaving his lips numb, his mouth acid. The safety strap hit at his thighs, and the horrowed crash helmet was a poor fit. It felt odd to be so completely enclosed. On the last turn, he went high to pass an imaginary car at the rail, and came down and in out of the high turn and skidded on the quivering edge of control, fighting the skid with reflexes dulled by alcohol and his thirty-seven years. He came out of it and drifted to the repair field, passing the two ambulances, the wreckers, the highway patrol car. He drove in to the field and swung back into line.

THE kid mechanic said, "How you like it, Mr. Ralson? I bet you Scotty and me, we put five hundred hours' work on that power plant."

Wade felt sweat on his thighs. He unhunkled the belt and slid out. "It's a hot little item," he said.

"But not the kind of stuff you're used to, I guess."

He looked at the kid mechanic. "I can scare myself in it, son. You can scare yourself in a kiddy car, if you find a steep enough hill."

The young girl came up and latched onto his arm again, and they went out to the rail and watched the next race. It was ten laps. On the first turn, two cars locked and spun and blocked the track. Two more piled into them, and they were piled apart, and, much to Wade's astonishment, they all were able to join the next start. The girl locked her hand in his, laced her fingers in his, and he felt that her hand was cold and damp with her excitement. The night wind ruffled the taffy hair, and it brushed his cheek.

After the fresh start, one green car took the lead and held it, and then, on the turn in the seventh lap, it threw a considerable chunk of the motor right down through the pan, making an oil slick that spun two cars hard into the rail, crippling them. The rest of the field slowed for the slick patch, going high to miss the oil, and the race ended. Two kids ran out with a sack of dry cement

and powdered the oil spot thoroughly. They broomed it down, but it was still a bad patch.

He watched the other races and got an idea of the standard strategy and the way you had to drive them. Then it was time for the feature. He was shocked to discover that there would be twenty cars on the track. He got into his car, and before he drove it out into line, the young girl leaned quickly through the window and pressed warm young lips to his with a clumsy wildness, and whispered, "Gund luck, my honey."

He had saved his cigar and kept it at exactly the right length, and now he thumbed the ash off the end and clamped it in his jaw. He eased out and took the place they told him to. There was a double line, and he was the eighth car back on the outside, and Johnny Harvester was the eighth car back on the inside. They all cut their motors when they were in position.

The announcing was a meaningless blare until he heard, "... and in eighth position on the outside, driving Number 48, we are honored to have with us that grand old man of the Indianapolis classic, Wade Ralson." There was a long roar of applause. "Mr. Ralson is a house guest of Mr. Oliver Banderson, and when Scotty Davis was suddenly taken ill this evening, Wade kindly consented to drive Scotty's car. Watch him carefully, folks, and watch years of high-speed experience in action."

Wade grinned and waved one arm. Harvester was given a similar announcement and got about the same hand.

The blaring mechanical voice suddenly climbed a half octave. "And now listen to this, folks! This is going to be a race to remember. A note has just been handed me. It comes from Mr. Oliver Banderson. Mr. Banderson is putting up an additional thousand-dollar purse to the winner. And—and this is the big thing, folks—there's going to be a tough private race between Johnny Harvester and Wade Ralson. Whoever of those two gentlemen comes in first in their private race is going to be privileged to drive Mr. Banderson's Corbin Special in the Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic next May. As the two drivers are evenly matched, and the two cars are evenly matched, both men have agreed to this test. I don't have to remind you that the win at Indianapolis is worth sixty thousand dollars to the winning driver."

Wade cursed Banderson silently and heartily. And then there was no time for cursing. He could sense the tense-

ness of the kids in the other cars, sense their realization that this was a chance to show up the hotshots, to drive their cars off. And with twenty cars on the tiny track, avoiding jam-ups was going to take as much luck as skill. He knew what he would have to do: either gun down through the middle after the fair start, and hope to hit the first turn among the front two or three cars, or else loaf back and ride high to keep clear of the inevitable smash. If Johnny got the jump and made the center alley, Wade would loaf.

THE pace car started up, and the double line rumbled and roared and began to move slowly. They moved around the hanked continuous turn at the end of the oval and then slowly down toward the starting line, by the high platform where the lap flags and win flags would be flashed. The car felt small and high and rough under him, and there did not seem to be enough room on the quarter-mile track. The straightaways were thirty feet wide, expanding to fifty feet on the hanked curves at each end.

A boy in uniform pranced backward down the center of the track, well beyond the starting line, the two flags crossed in front of him, held low. As the lead cars touched the starting line, the boy flashed the green flag for a fair start and ran for his life.

Wade swung hard into the alley slot between the two rows of accelerating cars. The hot little car responded nicely. He hulled his way in, saw Johnny's car come even with his own, then slide astern—and he felt rather than heard the bang as it hit his tail tracing. The corner was coming up fast. He drove hard through the narrowing slot as the other cars slowed for the corner. He knew that he was at spin-out speed as he hit the corner. His race could end right there, he knew. He moved out a bit, moved close to his right-hand neighbor. He felt the back wheels slide, felt the hard thump as his car hanged the one on his right. The impact stopped the skid, and he rode tight against the car on the right all the way around the turn, and then streaked away, running on the outside, going high on the only turn and coming down in to nip the only front car and take the lead.

As the grandstand slid by, a violent flash of noise and color, he saw two cars locked and against the rail high on the turn ahead, and saw another, which had shot backward into the infield, sending off clouds of blue smoke. He was into the turn then, with no

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S "Nn, we ain't gnt nuthin' to sell, but maybe you gnt smethin' to interest us"

REAMER KELLER

chance to look for Johnny. He cut it as fine as he could, and roared down the straightaway opposite the grandstand. He risked half a look and saw the red wagon coming along behind him, an orange job fighting it for second place. He made the oily turn, and then, when he slowed a bit, just beyond the grandstand, he was banged hard from behind.

He was banged twice more on the turn. Somebody was trying to get inside of him and nudge the back end of his car into a spin. The last knock swerved the rear end a little, and he felt both fright and anger. He thought it was Johnny, and he hugged the rail closely on the oily turn. Soon they would be lapping the slower cars. He had noticed in the other races that the slow cars kept a watch behind and moved out away from the rail with more discretion than valor. He looked quickly and saw that it was the orange job hanging away at him, a tight-mouthed kid driving it. Johnny was riding safely behind the orange car, letting it do the work for him. Wade knew he had to dispose of the orange car quickly. He couldn't run away from it. Wreck or he wrecked. A nice clean game for the children.

He selected the oily turn. He slowed more than usual, hugging the rail, thus tempting the kid to swing high and wide and go around him. He saw the orange flash as the kid gobbled the bait. Wade gunned his car, moving out from the rail. The kid had to swing wider, suddenly, and the oily patch was a poor place to do it. As Wade gunned down the grandstand straightaway, he looked back and saw that only the red car tailed him. The next time around, he saw the orange car jammed hard against the rail, high at the midpoint of the turn, the kid standing beyond it, his face chalky in the lights.

On the next turn, two slow cars swung sedately out for him. He loafed on the turn, serene in his knowledge that Johnny was safely hotted behind him, and then saw that Johnny had gone high and wide, passing the lapped cars on the outside, coming down hard and fast to gain in toward the rail ahead of him. Wade gunned it hard, hoping that the oily turn ahead would lead Johnny to drop in behind him. But Johnny leaned in across his right front fender, and Wade had to drop it back to let him take the lead position, take the rail.

THERE were more cars to lap. Wade and Johnny slid by them on the inside, moving like one car, the red one in the lead, Wade's gray-and-white traveling five inches behind it. He tried to pass Johnny. Every attempt was beautifully blocked. It was going to go on like this, he realized. He'd cross that line second. He had used up every maneuver he had seen in the earlier races, plus every trick of his own. He watched the flags. Two laps to go. One to go. With the race won, Johnny was treating the oily turn with respect. It would have to be there, if anywhere. Swing it hard and risk the spin? No other car to lean on this time, he thought wryly. If a man could lean on the rail . . .

He looked the sturdy, flat boards of the railing on the next-to-last turn of the race. He remembered that the wrecked orange car was flat against the rail on the oily turn. It wouldn't be too much in the way.

But if the kid started too soon, it would be very much in his way. He felt cold and surprisingly calm. As they headed toward the oily turn, the last turn before the grandstand and the finish line, he swung out the moment Johnny started to slow down. He kept the gas pedal all the way to the floor, turning high. He felt the sickening lift of the inside back wheel. The kid started, and he thought for a moment he would smash into the orange car, but he missed it by inches, and the kid

slammed the back end of his car against the fence. He recovered the lost traction at once, hanged the fence again, and then rode it all the rest of the way around the turn, pedal to the floor, the back right fender grinding against the boards of the fence.

He came out of the turn neck and neck with Johnny, but with that fraction more of speed that saved him. The steering wheel shimmied badly in his hands, and he knew the fence had knocked a wheel out of line. But he came across the finish line with the hood of the red car even with his door.

HE SLOWED after taking the checkered flag, and Johnny, moving up on the inside, gave him a death's-head grin. Wade slowed by the pits until the track was cleared and then took the slow winner's lap, took the applause. He felt drained, old, sick.

There was no triumph in it. Skill, and a damn-fool risk that paid off, and kudos for the "grand old man."

The crowd was streaming through the gates and across the infield toward the pit field, clots diverging to gather around the smashed cars. He stopped in line by the ambulances, and one of them was moving off with the kid who had been in the orange car. Smashed wrist and broken collarbone, he heard.

There were flash bulbs popping, and reporters with questions, and a yellow-haired girl who clung to him, half crying with pride and with possession.

"Wade, can we print that? That you get to drive Banderson's entry?"

"I don't see why not."

Johnny had disappeared. Oliver Banderson gave him a check, and there were more pictures of the check being handed over.

The noise confused Wade, and he realized he was slightly hung over. The young girl was vibrant within the circle of his right arm. They were showing things at him to be autographed, and he signed his name in a big scrawl, the girl still inside the circle of his arms.

She went back with him to Banderson's house, and Wade left them downstairs and found a telephone and called his cash. He hadn't unpacked, so there was no need to pack. He looked at himself in the mirror and saw that he had stuck the dead cigar butt back in his mouth. He dropped it into the toilet.

He went downstairs with the hag, and the girl looked confused and said, "I guess we're going now, Mr. Banderson." She looked frightened.

Wade looked at both of them, and a lot of things were clearer in his mind. He said gently, "I'm going, sugar. You're not. Johnny will give your wagon a good ride, Mr. Banderson. Better hunt him up and tell him."

Oliver Banderson looked neither surprised nor disappointed. "Back to the two-bit garage, Ralson?"

"Maybe that was all I had—one more race in my system."

The cash came, and he went out, not looking back. The shell drive crunched under his footsteps, and he got in, and asked to be taken to the station.

On the ride into town, he started to think of what he would tell Sally, and just exactly how he would tell her, and how she would look when he told her, and how she would be afterward.

It was terribly important to prove to her that he could have had Banderson's entry. But that would be in the papers. It was the sort of thing AP and UP would pick up. Human interest.

But there weren't any good words for explaining the other part. How it wasn't nerve that was gone, or reflexes, or anything else like that. Just that you could take a look at yourself and find out you were through with something for keeps.

Wade had a hunch that Sally would understand, even if he couldn't find the words. ▲▲▲

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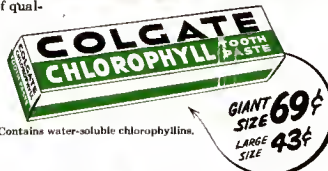
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Jerry was liable to be caught with the goods and to become a victim of circumstantial evidence

PIGS HAVE WINGS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Parsloe's monstrous kidnaped pig was about to be discovered. The fat, so to speak, was in the fire

The Story: It was now an eye for an eye in the battle of the pigs that raged between CLARENCE, the vague old Earl of Ensworth, and his Blandings Castle contingent on the one hand, and SIR GREGORY PARSLÖE of Matchingham Hall and his minions on the other.

The Blandings ranks were headed by GALLY THREEWOOD, Clarence's worldly and ingenious brother, and SEBASTIAN BEACH, the huttler, both of whom were heavy backers of Empress of Blandings in the coming contest of the Fat Pigs class of the Shropshire Agricultural Show. When these two plotters purloined Sir Gregory Parsloe's pig, Queen of Matchingham, and secreted it in the woods, Parsloe's pigman, a beery character named GEORGE CYRIL WELLBELOVED, and his butler, HERBERT BINSTEAD, retaliated by stealing the Empress of Blandings.

The Blandings side was aided by PENNY DONALDSON, a pretty American visitor who was in love with JERRY VAIL, a fiction writer temporarily acting as Clarence's secretary. In a moment of madness, however, Penny had got herself engaged to ORLO, Lord Vosper. Orlo, who had known his moments of madness as well

as the next person, was actually pining with love for GLORIA SALLI.

To increase the romantic complications, MAUDIE STUBBS, ex-barmaid and a niece of Beach's, had been brought to Blandings to keep an eye on the future machinations of the Parsloe faction. Because of the haughty standards of LADY CONSTANCE, Clarence's sister, she had been introduced as Mrs. Bunbury, a fictitious friend of Penny's father. And Clarence, who was usually terrified of women, found himself warmly drawn to her, not knowing that she had become reunited with Parsloe, to whom she had been engaged ten years before.

Gally was ever a man to seize an advantage in the tide of battle. When Wellbeloved inadvertently revealed to him over the telephone that the whereabouts of the kidnaped Queen had been discovered by the Matchingham Hall faction, Gally immediately conceived the idea of spiriting the pig from its present hiding place into the villa recently vacated by his friend Admiral Biffen. Thus, even though the Empress of Blandings was still missing, at least Sir Gregory Parsloe wouldn't have his own pig hack.

MOST men, having started out in a car with a lady friend and discovered at journey's end that she was no longer there, would have felt a certain surprise at this shortage and probably asked a lot of tedious questions. But Lord Ensworth, when he was waked with a respectful prod in the ribs by Alfred Voules at the door of Blandings Castle and found himself alone, never thought of wondering what had become of Maudie en route. He seldom worried about things like that. If women vanished out of cars, they vanished. There was nothing you could do about it, and no doubt all would be explained in good time. So he merely blinked, said, "Eh? What? We're there, are we? Quite. Capital," and tottered in, sneezing.

Gally, who was passing through the hall with Jerry Vail, stared at him, concerned.

"That's a nasty cold you've got, Clarence," he said, and Jerry thought so too.

"That is a nasty cold you've got, Lord Ensworth," said Jerry.

Beach appeared, took one look at his employer,



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and formed a swift diagnosis. "Your lordship has a nasty cold," he said.

Lord Emsworth, who had subsided into a chair, sniffed without speaking, and the three men looked at one another.

"I'll tell you what," said Jerry. "Suppose I dash off to Market Blandings and collect a few cold cures at that chemist's in the High Street?"

"An excellent idea. Bulstrode's, you mean. What do you think you're doing, Clarence?" Gally asked sternly, for the sufferer had risen and seemed about to accompany Jerry.

"I was going down to have a look at the Empress."

Gally and Beach exchanged glances. "Secrecy and silence!" said Gally's.

"Yes, sir. Precisely, sir," said Beach's.

"You're crazy," said Gally. "Do you want to get pneumonia? Bed's the place for you. Beach will bring your dinner on a tray. Won't you, Beach?"

"Certainly, Mr. Calahad."

"Upsy-daisy, Clarence," said Gally, and a short while later Lord Emsworth was between the sheets, a hot-water bottle at his toes, a dinner tray on his lap, and at his side a couple of Edgar Wallace novels.

But Lord Emsworth was in no mood for Faceless Fiends and Things in the Night. He closed the book and lay there sneezing softly and thinking of Maudie. It suddenly hit him to look back and reflect that by going to sleep in the car he had missed the opportunity which might not occur again of pouring burning words of love into her alabaster ear.

In the matter of pouring burning words of love into people's ears, Lord Emsworth was handicapped. Blandings Castle was full to bursting point of Nosy Parkers who seemed to have nothing to do except interrupt private conversations, and this rendered it difficult ever to get the desired object alone.

It was at this point in his meditations that his eye fell on the desk across the room, and it suddenly struck him that modern civilization has provided other methods of communication between person and person than the spoken word. Rising from his sickbed, Lord Emsworth began to compose a letter.

IT CAME out splendidly. He was not a very ready letter writer as a rule, but after a couple of false starts the impassioned prose came gushing like a geyser. When he had finished, he read the thing over and was stunned by his virtuosity. What he had got down was the sort of thing that would have earned him a brotherly pat on the back from the author of The Song of Solomon.

As he was licking the envelope, Jerry came in, laden with parcels.

"I've brought you cinnamon, aspirin, vapex, glycerin of thymol, black currant tea, camphorated oil, a linseed poultice and some Thermogene wool," said Jerry. "A wide selection is always best, don't you think? And old Pop Bulstrode says you ought to drink hot milk and wear flannel next your skin."

Lord Emsworth agreed that this sounded like an interesting and even amusing way of passing the time, but his mind was on the letter. "Er," he said.

"Yes?" said Jerry, eagerly, in pursuance of his policy of hanging on his employer's slightest word.

"It woder," said Lord Emsworth, "if you would do something for me."

"Anything, anything," Jerry said.

"I have written a letter."

"I see," said Jerry.

"A letter to Mrs.—ah—Bunbury. I want it delivered as soon as possible, and I thought you might convey it to her."

"Of course. Nothing simpler. I'll slip it to her the moment I see her."

"No, don't do that. There's sure to be someone hanging about watching your every move. You know how it is in this house. Put it in her room."

"Pinned to the pincushion?"

"Precisely. An excellent suggestion."

"Which is her room?"

"The second on the right as you go along this corridor."

"Consider it done," said Jerry.

As simple a way of endeavoring himself to the boss, he felt, as could have been thought of. He trotted off, feeling that things were moving.

He was extremely curious to know what the dickens the old boy was writing letters to Mrs. Bunbury about, but he could hardly ask, and if the idea of steaming the thing open with a kettle presented itself to his mind, he dismissed it resolutely. Like Lord Vosper, he was an Old Harrovian.

LORD EMSWORTH lay back in bed. His letter on its way, he was wondering, like all authors who have sent their stuff off, if it could not have been polished a bit and given those last little touches which make all the difference.

However, again like all authors, he was appreciating the fact that what he had written, even without a final brush-up, was simply terrific, when a cheery "Bring out your dead!" interrupted his meditations, and his brother Galahad came in.

"Hullo, Clarence," said Gally. "I came to warn you. I think you will be receiving a visit from Connie shortly."

"Oh, dash it!"

"I know just how you feel. And I must further warn you that they tell me she is considerably hotter up."

"But what is the matter with Connie?"

Gally sat down on the bed, adjusted his monocle and proceeded to tell a tale of strange happenings.

"Omitting birth, early education, and all that sort of thing, we start the Connie Story with her returning to the house at the conclusion of the weekly meeting of the Market Blandings Literary Society. It had been an interesting meeting, and she was in excellent spirits. It wouldn't surprise me if she was singing. In short, at that moment a child could have played with her, and she would probably have given it twopenny to buy sweets with."

Lord Emsworth, as nearly always when listening to a story, was a little fogged. "I thought you said she was hotter up."

"So she was—a couple of minutes later, and I'll tell you why. On the table in the hall was lying a cable, shot off from the United States by old man Don-

aldson, the dog-biscuit despot. It was about Mrs. Bunbury."

"I believe they're old friends."

"Donaldson doesn't. The gist of his cable was that he'd never heard of her."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Exactly what Connie said, and she went off to find Mrs. Bunbury and ask her for further particulars. She discovered her in Beach's pantry. She was folded in Beach's arms, and he was kissing her fondly on both cheeks."

Lord Emsworth sneezed. "Beach was?"

"I appreciate your surprise. Strongly antitraditional. Butlers, you say to yourself, don't kiss guests. Chauffeurs, perhaps. Gamekeepers, possibly. But butlers, never. In extenuation of his odd behavior, however, I must mention that he is her uncle."

"Her uncle?"

"Yes, Her Uncle Sebastian. I ought to have told you before, and I don't know how it happened to slip my mind, but Mrs. Bunbury isn't Mrs. Bunbury. She is the widow Stubbs. Her maiden name was, of course, Beach, though when I knew her in the old days as a barmaid at the Criterion, she called herself Maudie Montrose."

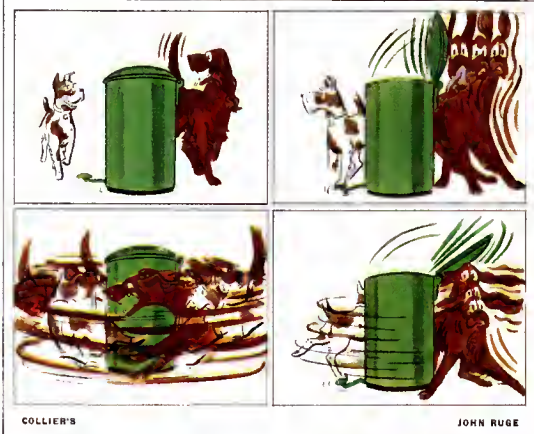
Lord Emsworth cried, "She is a barmaid?"

"She was a barmaid. Later, she married the proprietor of a private detective agency, now residing with the morning stars, and it was Beach's revelation of this fact that gave me the idea of getting her down here in order to keep an eye on young Parsloe and foil his machinations regarding the Empress. Well, to resume the run of the scenario, Connie, already rocked back by that cable, was naturally stirred even further by the spectacle of butlers bounding about embracing people. Is this Blandings Castle, she asked herself, or is it the Folies Bergère? She reeled off to her boudoir, rang for Beach, and started a probe or quiz."

GALLY waited courteously for Lord Emsworth to finish groaning, and resumed: "It was during this chat that Beach cracked under the strain. No more loyal fellow than Sebastian Beach ever swung port, but every man has his breaking point. And I'm not surprised that after Connie had given him the treatment for about a couple of minutes he threw in his hand and spilled the beans. You spoke?"

Lord Emsworth shook his head. He had merely groaned once more.

CLANCY



"Now, while Connie realizes that I was the spearhead of the movement, it is quite possible that she may be suspecting you of complicity in the affair. So I thought the friendly thing was to come and warn you to be prepared. Have your story all planned out. Get tough with her. For Heaven's sake, Clarence, don't keep groaning like that. She can't eat you. And I don't suppose she'll want to," said Gally, "for anything more closely resembling a condemned food product I never saw in my life." And with a final "Tails up!" he went out, explaining that while he was not actually afraid of Connie there were moments when women are better avoided till they have come off the boil a bit. One did not, said Gally, want a vulgar brawl.

HE LEFT Lord Emsworth frozen where he lay. But he was no longer sneezing. It is a remarkable fact, and one which will interest medical men, that of all the remedies for the common cold which had been suggested to him that night, the shock he had received from Gally's revelations was the only one that had done him any real good.

But though physically so greatly improved, spiritually he was in the poorest shape. His love for Maudie had died as swiftly as if someone had taken it down a dark alley and hit it over the head with a blackjack. All he could think of now was what his sister Constance, always an outspoken woman, would say when she learned that he had written a letter proposing marriage to an ex-barmaid linked by ties of blood to the family butler.

No, not quite all. He was also thinking that after Connie had stopped talking, two alternatives would lie before him. One, to be sued for breach of promise; the other, to have to go through life calling Beach "Uncle Sebastian."

It was at this moment that Jerry entered, all of a glow. He had just met Penny in the corridor and received renewed assurance of her undying love. True, she was still betrothed to another, but she had flung herself into his arms and kissed him, and that was enough to make his evening. He beamed at Lord Emsworth.

"I deposited the letter," he said, like a Boy Scout reporting his good deed.

Lord Emsworth came to life. "Get it back!" he cried.

Jerry was perplexed. "Get it back? You mean unpun it from the pincushion?"

"Yes, yes, yes. I cannot explain now, for every moment is precious, but hurry and bring it back to me."

If Jerry had any comment to make on this strange attitude, he was unable to give it utterance, for the door had opened and Lady Constance joined the party.

Jerry thought she eyed him rather frostily, but a man who has just been kissing dream girls in corridors pays little attention to frosty looks from prominent society hostesses. He gave her a friendly smile, and said he would be going off and getting that paper.

"What paper?"

"Just a paper Lord Emsworth wanted me to bring."

"Why do you want Mr. Vail to bring you papers, Clarence?"

"Dash it all," said Lord Emsworth, panic lending him a weak belligerence.

"Why shouldn't he bring me papers? He's my secretary, isn't he?"

Lady Constance followed Jerry, as he left the room, with an eye that was bleaker than ever. "He will not be your secretary long, if I have my way," she said grimly.

"Why won't he be my secretary long, if you have your way?" asked Lord Emsworth, enchanted at this opportunity of steering the conversation away from butlers and her nieces.

"Because I suspect him of making love

to Penelope Donaldson and trying to lure her away from Orlo Vosper."

"Vosper? Vosper? Ah, yes, Vosper," said Lord Emsworth, just in time. A "Who is Vosper?" might have had the worst results. "What makes you think he's doing that?"

"I will tell you. When we were in London, a mysterious man rang up on the telephone, asking for Penelope. He gave his name as Gerald Vail and had apparently had a clandestine dinner engagement with her. Next day he arrives here as your secretary, obviously having followed her in accordance with a pre-arranged plan. And just now, as I was coming along the corridor, I saw them together. Close together." Lady Constance said significantly. "If I can find the slightest excuse, I shall dismiss that young man. Really, Blandings Castle has become a madhouse. Secretaries kissing girls entrusted to my care, butlers—"

"Ah, yes," Lord Emsworth said airily, "Galahad was speaking to me about that."

"And I intend to speak to Galahad."

"He was saying something, if I recollect rightly, about Mrs. Bunbury not being Mrs. Bunbury."

"Her name is Stubbs, and she is Beach's niece."

"Yes, I remember thinking at the time that it was curious that a woman should say she was Mrs. Bunbury if she wasn't Mrs. Bunbury. You don't happen to know what the thought at the back of that was, do you?"

Lady Constance eyed him narrowly. "Do you? Were you in this plot?"

Lord Emsworth stiffened his sinews and summoned up the blood. "What do you mean, was I in this plot? Which plot? What plot? Do you suppose a busy man like me has time to waste on plots? Tchah! Bah! Preposterous!"

A lesser woman might have wilted beneath his stern wrath. Lady Constance bore it with fortitude. "No, I don't think you were. I am sure it was Galahad who was responsible for the whole thing, aided and abetted by Penelope Donaldson, who told me this Mrs. Bunbury was an old friend of her father's. I must say I am shocked at the way Penelope has behaved. I thought her such a nice girl, and she has turned out to be thoroughly sly. If I had not had a cable from Mr. Donaldson saying that he had never met a Mrs. Bunbury in his life, I might never have discovered what was going on. Of course, my first impulse was to turn the woman out of the house."

"She's leaving, is she?" said Lord Emsworth, feeling that all things were working together for good.

"No, she is not leaving. Impossible as the situation is, after what Beach told me I have no option but to allow her to remain. I can't offend Sir Gregory."

"You mean Parsloe? What's Parsloe got to do with it?"

LADY CONSTANCE'S expression seemed to suggest that she was swallowing a bitter pill. "According to Beach, this woman and Sir Gregory became engaged to be married this evening."

"What!"

"I don't wonder you're surprised."

"I'm amazed. I'm astounded. Dash it, I'm stunned. You mean Parsloe met her for the first time this evening and asked her to marry him?" said Lord Emsworth, with a mild man's respect for a quick worker.

"Of course he did not meet her for the first time this evening. They appear to have known each other in the days before Sir Gregory came into the title. I found Beach kissing her, and he explained that she had just told him the news and she was congratulating her. Obviously, if this Mrs. Bunbury or Mrs. Stubbs, or whoever she is, is going to marry Sir Gregory, I cannot insult him by turning her out of the house. Life



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in the country is impossible if you are not on good terms with your neighbors." A horrid thought struck Lord Emsworth. "Are you going to sack Beach?"

"I don't know." "I do. I'm dashed if you're going to sack Beach, because—because I'm dashed if you are," Lord Emsworth said stoutly. Life without Beach was a thing he did not care to contemplate.

"No," said Lady Constance, after a moment's thought. "No, I shall not dismiss Beach. I take the view that he was led astray by Galahad. Galahad! I remember, when we were children, seeing Galahad fall into that deep pond in the kitchen garden. And just as he was sinking for the last time, one of the gardeners came along and pulled him out," she added, with a sort of wild regret. She paused a moment, brooding on the folly of that chuckleheaded gardener. "Well," she said, "I am going to my room to bathe my temples with Eau de Cologne." She went out, and Lord Emsworth, sinking back on his pillows, gave himself up to the first agreeable thoughts he had had for a long time.

Engaged to Parsloe, was she? Then at the eleventh hour he was saved and need not the dreadful dread that breach-of-promise action or its even ghastlier alternative. What happier ending could there be to a good man's vicissitudes?

The moon, shining down on the terrace, illuminated a female figure seated in a deck chair, and Gally's heart, though a stout one, skipped a beat. Then he saw that it was not, as for a moment he had supposed, his sister Constance, but Penny Donaldson.

"Hullo there, Penny," he said, taking the chair at her side. "Well, we are living in stirring times these days. Did Beach tell you about that pig of Parsloe's? He got it away all right and put it in the bouse Fruity Biffen used to have."

"Yes." "Extraordinary bit of luck Wellbeloved thinking I was Parsloe and pouring out his heart to me over the telephone."

"Yes," said Penny. Gally gave her a quick look. Her voice had had a dull, metallic note, and, eying her, he saw that her mouth was drawn down as though her soul were in pain. "What's the matter?" he asked. "You seem depressed."

"I am."

"Well, I've got some news that will

cheer you up," Gally told her. "I've just been talking to my Lord Vosper. And what do you think? He wants to call the whole thing off."

"To do what?" "Cancel the engagement, countermand the wedding cake. Just now, as I was passing through the billiard room, he called out to me like a shipwrecked mariner sighting a sail. He wanted advice. It seems that he and the Salt girl were like ham and eggs before you came into his life, but their great romance was wrecked on the tennis courts when he began poaching her shots. Well, apparently when she blew in down here he found that the old love still lingered, and has just ascertained tonight that it still lingered in her too. What to do? I offered the use of a third party—almost a necessity in these embarrassing matters, I find—and suggested Jerry Vail as being the proper person to break the news to you. I left them in solemn conclave in the billiard room. So you are back in circulation and free to carry on with Jerry."

"I see." Gally was hurt. He was feeling as the men who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix would have felt if the citizens of Aix had received them at the end of their journey with a yawn and an "Ob, yes?"

Penny sighed. "Do you know what's happened, Gally? Jerry's been fired."

"Eh?" "Given the gate. Lady Constance says if he isn't out of the place tomorrow morning—she'll set the dogs on him." Gally's monocle, leaping from the parent eye socket, flashed in the moonlight. He drew it in like an angler gaffing a fish and, having replaced it, stared at her uncomprehendingly. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"I'm telling you."

"But it doesn't make sense. What's Connie got against Jerry?"

"She didn't like it when she found him in her closet."

"In her what?" "Well, cupboard, then, if you prefer it. The cupboard in her bedroom."

"What the dickens was he doing in the cupboard in Connie's bedroom?"

"Hiding." Gally gaped. "Hiding? In Connie's cupboard?" A theory that would cover the facts came to Gally. "This young man of yours isn't a little weak in the head, is he?"

"No," Penny said; "but Lord Emsworth seems to be."

"Quite," said Gally, conceding this obvious truth. "But how does Clarence come into it?"

Penny began to explain in a low, toneless voice. "It started with Lord Emsworth writing a letter to Mrs. Bunbury."

"What—?" Gally began, and checked himself. Much as he would have liked to know what his brother had been writing letters to Maudie about, this was no time for interruptions.

"He gave it to Jerry and told him to put it in her room. Jerry asked which was her room, and he said the second on the right along the corridor. So Jerry put the letter there, and then Lord Emsworth told him to go and bring it back."

Gally was obliged to ask, "Why?" "He didn't say why. Well, Jerry went to get the letter, and he'd just got it when he heard someone outside the door. Naturally he didn't want to be found there. So he dived into the cupboard, and he must have made a noise, because the cupboard door was whipped open, and there was Lady Constance."

"But what was Connie doing in Maudie's room?"

"It wasn't Maudie's room. It was Lady Constance's room. After he had finished talking to Lady Constance—or after she had finished talking to him—Jerry went back to Lord Emsworth, and Lord Emsworth, having heard the facts, smote his brow and said, 'Did I say second door on the right? I meant second door on the left.'"

Gally clicked his tongue. "There you have Clarence in a nutshell," he said. "I suppose Jerry was annoyed?"

"A little. In fact, he called Lord Emsworth a muddleheaded old ass and said he ought to be in a padded cell. And if you're going to ask me if that annoyed Lord Emsworth, the answer is in the affirmative. They parted on distant terms. So Jerry's chances of ingratiating himself with a view to leading up to saying 'Brother, can you spare two thousand pounds?' seem pretty dim. Well, I'll be strolling along to the lake."

"What are you going to do there?"

"Drown myself. It'll pass the time."

BEFORE Gally could ask her if this was the old Donaldson spirit—be bad only got as far as a pained "Tut, tut"—a figure came drooping along the terrace.

"Ah, Jerry," said Gally. "Finished your chat? I've just been telling Penny about the Vosper-Salt situation, and she has been telling me about your misadventure. Too bad. What are you planning to do now?"

Jerry stared dully. "I'm going back to London. What else can I do?"

Gally snorted. It seemed to him that the younger generation was totally lacking in the bulldog spirit and the will to win. "Why, stick around, of course. You're not licked yet. Who knows what the morrow may bring forth? London, forsooth! You're going to take a room at the Emsworth Arms and wait to see what turns up."

Jerry brightened a little. "It's not a bad idea."

"It's a splendid idea," said Penny. "You can come prowling about the grounds, and I'll meet you."

"So I can." "The rose garden would be a good place."

"None better. Expect me among the roses at an early date. You'll be there?"

"With bells on."

"Darling!"

"Angel!" "I was rather thinking that the conversation might work round to some such point before long," said Gally. "And now, as the last thing you'll want at a moment like this is an old gargoyle like me hanging around, I'll say good night." He toddled off. He was feeling at the

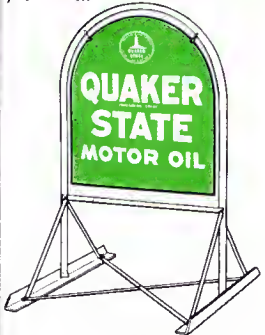


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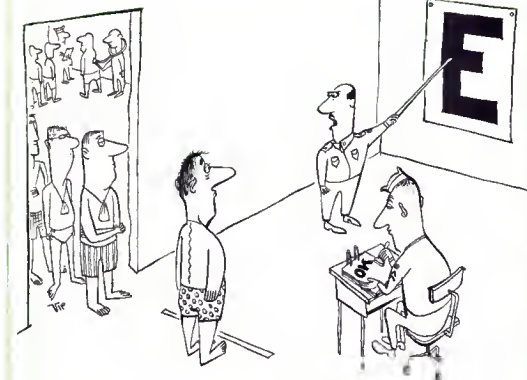
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top of his form again and thinking that now would be an admirable time to go and see Connie and put it across her properly. His prejudice against vulgar brawls had vanished. He felt just in the mood for a brawl, and the vulgarer it was, the better he would like it.

AT NINE o'clock on the following night, Sebastian Beach, seated in his pantry, was endeavoring, with the aid of a glass of port, to still the turmoil which recent events at Blandings Castle had engendered in his soul, and not making much of a go of it. Port seemed to have lost its magic.

Beach was no weakling, but he had begun to feel that too much was being asked of one who, though always desirous of giving satisfaction, liked to draw the line somewhere. A butler who has been compelled to introduce his niece into his employer's home under a false name and on top of that to remove a stolen pig from a gamekeeper's cottage in a west wood and convey it across country to the detached Villa Sunnyhrie on the Shrewsbury road is a butler who feels that enough is sufficient. And it did not improve his state of mind that he had a tender heart and winced at all the sadness he saw around him.

It had no longer been possible to withhold from Lord Emsworth the facts relating to Empress of Blandings, and it had been obvious to Beach, watching him at the meal, that the various courses were turning to ashes in his mouth. Even Mr. Galahad had seemed moody, and Maudie, who might have done something to relieve the funeral atmosphere, had been at Matchingham Hall. The only bright spot was the non-appearance of Lady Constance, who had caught Lord Emsworth's cold and bad taken her dinner in bed.

Beach was just wondering where he could turn for comfort, now that even port had failed him, when he saw that his solitude had been invaded. Gally was entering, and on his expressive face it seemed to Beach that there was a strange new light, as if hope had dawned.

Nor was he in error. Throughout the day Gally had been bringing a brain trained by years of mixing with the members of the Pelican Club to hear on the problems confronting his little group. What Beach, watching him at the table, had mistaken for moodiness had in reality been deep thought. And now this deep thought had borne fruit.

"Fort!" said Gally, eying the decanter. "You can give me some of that, and speedily. My God!" he said, sipping, "it's the old '78. You certainly do yourself well, Beach, and who has a better right to? If I've said once that there's nobody like you, I've said it a hundred times. Staunch and true are the adjectives I generally select when asked to draw a word portrait of you. Beach, I tell people when they ask about you, is a man who, if offered an opportunity of doing a friend a good turn, will leap to the task, even if it involves going through fire and water. He—"

It would be incorrect to say that Beach had paled. His was a complexion, ruddier than the cherry, which did not readily lose its vermilion hue. But his jaw had fallen.

"It—It isn't anything else, is it, Mr. Galahad?" he faltered.

"Eh?"

"There's nothing further that you wish me to do for you, is there, sir?"

Gally laughed genially. "Good

heavens, no. Not a thing. At least—"

"Sir?"

"It did, I admit, cross my mind that you might possibly care to kidnap George Cyril Wellheloved and tie him up and force him to reveal where the Empress is hidden by sticking lighted matches between his toes. Would you?"

"No, sir. I am sorry."

"Quite all right, my dear fellow. It was just a random thought that occurred to me while reading one of those gangster stories in the library before dinner. I had an idea that it might have appealed to you, but no. Well, we all have our likes and dislikes. Then we must think of something else."

Whatever further suggestions Gally had been about to make were wiped from his lips by the ringing of the telephone. Beach took up the receiver.

"Blandings Castle. Lord Emsworth's butler speak—Oh, good evening, sir... Yes, sir... Very good, sir... Mr. Vail, Mr. Galahad," said Beach, aside. "He wishes me to inform Miss Donaldson that he has left the Emsworth Arms—"

It is not easy to break off in the middle of a single syllable word like "Arms," but Beach had contrived to do so. Like a cloud across the moon, a look of horror and consternation was spreading itself over his face.

"Left the Emsworth Arms?" Gally said sharply. A man who has taken the trouble to give the younger generation the benefit of his advice does not like to have it rejected. "Let me talk to him."

Slowly Beach replaced the receiver. "The gentleman has rung off, sir."

"Did he say where he was going?"

Beach tottered over to the table and

reached out a feeble hand to his glass of port. "Yes, Mr. Galahad. He has taken a furnished house."

"Eh? Where? What furnished house?" Beach drained his glass. His eyes were round and bulging. "Sunnyhrie, sir," he said in a low voice. "On the Shrewsbury road."

The Pelican Club trains its sons well. After he has been affiliated with that organization for a number of years, a man's moral fiber becomes toughened. Gally, as he heard Beach utter those devastating words, did, it is true, give a slight start, but a member of the Athenaeum or the National Liberal would have shot six feet straight up in the air.

When he spoke, there was no suggestion of a quiver in his voice. The club would have been proud of him. "Are you trying to be funny, Beach?"

"No, sir, I assure you."

"You really mean it? Sunnyhrie? What on earth does he want to go to Sunnyhrie for?"

"I could not say, sir."

"And when he gets there..." Gally polished his monocle thoughtfully.

"Things look sticky, Beach."

"Extremely glutinous, Mr. Galahad. The gentleman, on arriving at Sunnyhrie, will find the pig in residence—"

Gally was a man who could face facts.

"Yes, sticky is the word. Jerry Vail is an author, and you know as well as I do what authors are. Unhinged. Unreliable. It was precisely for that reason that I did not admit him to our councils in the matter of the Parsloe pig. Informed of the facts, he would have spread the story all over Shropshire."

And he'll be spreading it all over Shropshire now, if we don't act like lightning. You agree?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"In next to no time the news will have reached Parsloe, bringing him round to Sunnyhrie with a whoop and a holler. We must hurry, Beach. Come on, man, come on. Don't just stand there."

"But I have to take the tray of beverages into the drawing room at nine thirty, Mr. Galahad," Beach explained.

"Good heavens, is this a time to be thinking of trays of beverages? I never heard such nonsense."

Beach stiffened. In his long and honorable years of office at Blandings Castle, allowing deduction for an annual holiday by the sea, he had taken the tray of beverages into the drawing room at nine thirty a matter of six thousand six hundred and sixty-nine times, and to have the voice of the Tempter urging him to play hooky and not bring the tray to six thousand six hundred and seventy was enough to make any butler stiffen.

"I fear I could not do that, Mr. Galahad," he said coldly. "It is a matter of principle. I shall be happy to join you at Sunnyhrie directly I am at liberty. I will borrow the chauffeur's bicycle."

Gally wasted no time in fruitless argument. You cannot reason with a butler, whose motto is Service.

JERRY VAIL'S sudden decision to move away from the Emsworth Arms was due to certain shortcomings in the general setup of that in many respects admirable hostelry. The Emsworth Arms, like most inns in English country towns, specialized in beer, and when it came to providing its patrons with anything else was inclined to let its attention wander.

Beds, for instance. It did not

Next Week



Madame Butterfly's Children

THE PLIGHT OF "GI BABIES" IN JAPAN



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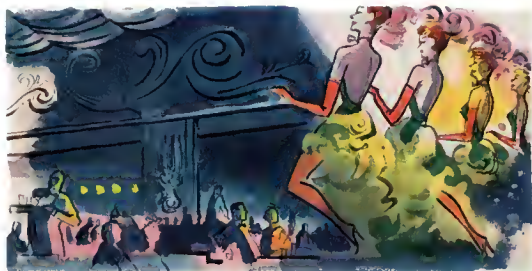


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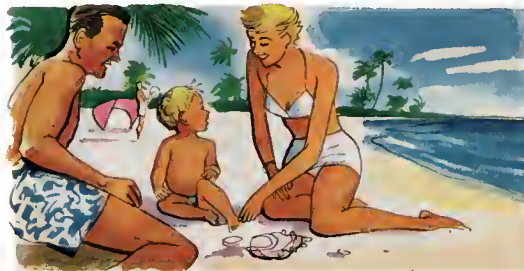


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worry much about beds. Jerry, having inspected the specimen offered to him, shrank from the prospect of occupying it for an indefinite series of nights.

There was also the drawback that nowhere in the place was it possible for a man to write. The Emsworth Arms' idea of a writing room was an almost pitch dark cubbyhole with no paper, no pens, and in the ink pot only a curious sediment that looked like something imported from the Florida Everglades. So it is not difficult to understand why the quiet evenfall found him in the offices of Caine & Cooper, house agents, inquiring about houses.

He was delighted when Mr. Lancelot Cooper informed him that by a lucky chance there happened to be available a furnished villa ready for immediate occupancy, and he was still further pleased to learn that it had only recently been vacated by Admiral G. J. Biffco. Taking the keys, he went off to settle in.

HIS new home, when he beheld it at about twenty minutes past nine, came at first glance as a disappointment. True, Mr. Cooper had spoken of it throughout as a villa and the name Sunnybrae should have prepared him, but subconsciously Jerry had been picturing something with a thatched roof and honeysuckle. It was disconcerting to find a red brick building which might have been transferred from the suburbs of London.

Still, it improved when you got inside. There was a cozy living room, and in the corner of the living room a good, firm desk. And a good, firm desk was what he particularly wanted, for the inspiration for what he was convinced was going to be his masterpiece had hit him the moment he had set eyes on Mr. Lancelot Cooper. The junior partner of Caine & Cooper had one of those dark, saturnine faces which suggest a taste for the more sinister forms of crime, and oo one cheek was a long scar. Actually it had been caused by the bursting of a ginger-beer bottle at a Y.M.C.A. picnic, but it gave the impression of battles with knives in the cellars of the underworld. And on top of all that he had been wearing lavender gloves.

It was those gloves that had set Jerry tingling. There is nothing so spine-chilling as a dressy assassin. Jerry had begun to jot down notes within two minutes of his departure from the Caine & Cooper offices, and he was still jotting down notes as he left the living room and went upstairs to have a look at the bedroom.

The bedroom was all right. His spirits rose. From the point of view of a writer who wanted peace and quiet so that he could concentrate on a gooseflesher about murderers in lavender gloves, Sunnybrae was nearly ideal. Its one small defect was that it appeared to be haunted.

From time to time, Jerry had been aware of curious noises, evidently supernatural. If asked by the Committee of the Society of Psychical Research to describe these noises, he could only have admitted they sounded like grunting.

Back now in the living room, he was startled by a series of five or six almost at his elbow. The poltergeist appeared to have holed up behind the door that presumably led to the kitchen, the only part of the house he had not yet inspected. He opened the door.

It was the unexpectedness of the thing that unnerved Jerry. If Lancelot Cooper had said, "Oh, by the way, when you get to Sunnybrae, you will find the kitchen rather full of big, black pigs, I'm afraid," he would have known where he was. But not a word had been spoken on the subject. The front doorbell rang just when Jerry was reflecting that if it had been a corpse with a severed head in the kitchen of Sunnybrae he could have understood because, as a writer of mystery thrillers, he knew that you are apt to find corpses with severed heads pretty well anywhere.

Jerry opened the door, and found standing on the steps a large, formidable policeman, who gave him one of those penetrating looks which make policemen so unpopular. "Ho!" said the policeman. "Do you live in this house?"

"Yes, I've just moved in."

"Where did you get the keys?"

"From Caine & Cooper in the High Street."

"Ho."

The policeman seemed to soften. He



"When we get finished here,
let's go someplace and eat!"

JEFF KEATE

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dressing that tames
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"And so with heartfelt sincerity I want
to say that if I had to do it all over
again, none of you would be here today"

COLLIER'S

IRVING ROIZ

titled his helmet and passed a large hand
over his forehead. "Warm tonight. Well,
I must apologize for disturbing you, sir,
but seeing a light in the window and
knowing the house to be unoccupied, I
thought it best to make inquiries. Strange
occurrences have been happening re-
cently in Market Blandings and district,
and I don't like the look of things."

This was so exactly what Jerry was
feeling himself that he was about to con-
fide his troubles and perplexities to this
kindred soul, when the other went on.
"Dowd at the station house, the boys
think there's one of these crime waves
starting. Two milk cans abstracted from
doorsteps only last week, and now all
this to-do up at Matchingham Hall.
You'll have heard about Sir Gregory
Parsloe's pig, no doubt, sir?"

Jerry leaped an inch or two. "Pig?"
"His prize pig, Queen of Matching-
ham. Stolen," the policeman said im-
pressively. "Snatched out of its sty, and
so far not a trace of the miscreant. But
we'll apprehend him all right, and then
he'll regret his rash act. I wouldn't care
to be in the shoes of the fellow that's got
that pig. He's laughing now," said the
policeman, quite incorrectly, "but he
won't be laughing long. Making an ex-
tended stay here, sir?"

"It may be some time."
"Nice little house," the policeman said
tolerantly. "Compact, you might call it.
Mind you, you don't want to treat it
rough, not go leaning against the walls
or anything like that. I know the fellow
that built this little lot. Six of them there
are—Sunnyhrae, Sunnyhrow, Sunny-
wood, Sunnyfields, Sunnycott and Sunny-
haven. I was having a beer with this
chap one night—it was the day Sunnycott
fell down—and he started talking about
mortar. 'Mortar?' I says. 'Why, I didn't
know you ever used any.' Made me
laugh, that did. Well, I'll be getting
along, sir. Got my round to do, and
then I have to go and report progress to
Sir Gregory. Not that there is any
progress to report, see what I mean, but
the gentleman likes us to confer with
him. Shows zeal. Mortar!" said the po-
liceman. "Why, I didn't know you ever
used any," I said. You should have seen
his face."

He passed into the night, and Jerry,
tottering back to the living room, sat
down and put his head between his
hands. Fate, he perceived, had put him
in a tight spot. At any moment he was
liable to be caught with the goods and
to become, as so many an innocent man
has become, a victim of circumstantial
evidence.

This sort of thing was no novelty to
him, of course. He could recall at least
three stories he had written in the past
year in which the principal characters
had found themselves in just such a po-
sition as he was in now, with the trifling
difference that what they had discovered
in their homes had been, respectively, a
dead millionaire with his head hattered
in, a dead ambassador with his throat
cut, and a dead dancer known as La
Flamme with a dagger of Oriental design
between her fourth and fifth ribs.

But the fact that the situation was a
familiar one brought no comfort to him.
Vis-à-vis with the corpses listed above,
his heroes had never known what to do
next, and he did not know what to do
next. The only thing he was sure he was
not going to do was answer the front
doorbell, which had just rung again.

THE hell rang twice, then stopped.
Jerry, who had raised his head, re-
placed it between his hands and gave
himself up to thought once more. And
he was wishing more earnestly than ever
that something even remotely resem-
bling a plan of action would suggest it-
self to him, when there sounded from
behind him a deferential cough. Turn-
ing, he perceived that his privacy had
been invaded by a long, lean, red-haired
man with a mouth like a halibut's, a
broken oose, and a strong aroma of pig.
"Who on earth are you?" Jerry de-
manded, with a good deal of heat.

The intruder smirked respectfully.
"Wellbeloved is the name, sir. I am Sir
Gregory Parsloe's pignan. Sir?"

Jerry had not spoken. The sound that
had proceeded from him had been
merely a sort of huffling cry.

With one long, horrified stare, he sank
back in his chair, frozen from the soles
of the feet upward.

(To be concluded next week)

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Micronic OIL FILTER



"Ben," Teresa screamed. "Ben, come back." But her words were swept away by the shrieking wind

Edwin Bay

A Gift for Teresa

Here in this wild, lonely country there was much to fear, and Teresa was afraid. She must battle this storm—her only ally a son who was a stranger

By CLARA L. PARKS

ARANGE cow bawled at midday, a time when the cattle were usually shaded up in the summer heat. Teresa stepped out on the porch in time to see the cow, coming down the hill trail, kick at her young calf. What in the world? she thought.

She ran to the corral, went through to the back, and looked over the gate. The calf had cactus on its face, one burr in its nose and another under its right eye, and the cow wouldn't let the calf near her to nurse.

I wonder when Ben will be in, Teresa thought uneasily. The cow might kick the cactus right into her calf's eye and blind it. What shall I do? she wondered. The calf tottered anxiously around its mother. Teresa looked at the cow, at her sharp horns, at the dark patch over one eye. She was the bad-tempered one Ben called Señora Diablo. The cow bawled and kicked at her calf again, and the poor little thing trotted off a way and gave a plaintive blat.

Well, get busy, city girl, Teresa told herself. You want to be a real ranch woman, here's your chance to show 'em. She went to the barn for a lariat and a handful of hay, then stuck a pair of pliers in her pocket. Opening the gate, she tossed the hay to the cow to divert her, then quickly shoed the calf into the corral and fastened the gate. So far so good.

Twirling the lariat, Teresa walked slowly toward the calf. Make it good, she told herself; it's now or never. She made it on the first try. She worked her way hand over hand along the rope to the struggling calf; then, gripping the pliers, she quickly knocked off the cactus burrs, after which she pulled out the remaining thorns, while the calf bawled its displeasure.

"Hush now, baby," Teresa admonished. "Your mamma won't let you have your dinner until your face is clean." Finished, she slackened the rope and jerked it quickly so that the loop opened and came over the calf's head. Then she turned the calf out of the corral.

Back at the house once more, Teresa sat on the top step of the shady side porch, leaned against a pillar, and half closed her eyes against the glare. The air was still and hot and dry. If it keeps on this way, Teresa thought, the whole desert will dry up and blow away, and we'll all go with it. Even the water holes on the forest lease had dried up. Larry had received word from the district ranger that the cattle he had taken up there were in a bad way.

That had been in July, three weeks earlier. "I'll have to go up and haul water to 'em till the rains start," Larry had told her. "You'll be okay here. Ben can look after things as well as I can."

Ben was his son, Teresa's stepson. Teresa felt lonely for Larry. Ben could handle Larry's work all right, but he wasn't much company. Teresa sighed. I wish Ben liked me, accepted me, she thought. It's no fun being treated like the stranger in the house. Still, it was an im-

provement over the hostility Ben had shown when Larry had first brought her home to the ranch as his wife two years before. It was almost as though Ben had come right out and said, "We were getting along fine until you had to butt in."

Well, of course, Teresa thought soberly, there was more to it than that. Ben's real mother, being the only woman he'd ever known, had conditioned his attitude toward all women. She had hated and feared the desert as much as Ben and his father loved it. She had been a city woman, too, who'd fallen in love with the young rodeo cowboy Larry had been, but who had fought against the desert ranch life they had had to settle into when Larry's rodeo days were over.

BEFORE they were married, Larry had told Teresa—almost as a warning?—how Ben's mother had hated the desert, the monotonous summer heat and loneliness, the rattlers and other poisonous creatures, the violent cloudburst storms, the empty nights with the black silences that were broken only by the howling of coyotes or the call of an owl. She'd never seen the magic and majesty, the beauty and challenge of the desert.

And he had also told Teresa how, one terrible August day when Ben was eight, his mother had suddenly, blindly, lashed out at Larry and the desert and their life together, in Ben's presence. Then she'd run wildly out of the house and driven off in the car in a cloudburst. She'd been caught in a flash flood five miles down the road and was swept away and drowned.

Poor Ben! It would be impossible to erase from his mind a scar like that. But surely he wasn't going to let it color and spoil his whole life. He had too much intelligence for that. Surely he could see by now that she, Teresa, was different, that she loved and admired the desert. But he acted as though he didn't want to see.

Nevertheless, Teresa had been quiet and patient, and finally his first hostility had vanished, although he remained cool, addressing her usually as "Say," or, infrequently, by her first name. Larry said not to push him, that if she'd give Ben time, he'd come around. But two years was a long time to Teresa in her new isolation. It gave her a queer feeling, like being part of a picture puzzle with some of the most important pieces missing.

Clouds rolled and towered far to the north, but the immediate sky was a clear blue. The distant brush-covered hills shimmered and danced, and the heat was a *thing*, almost all you could think about. Everything felt burning hot, even in the shade. And prickly heat crawled wherever clothing touched.

Somehow, she didn't mind too much. Extremes are adventure, she thought. Extremes in nature, like too much heat, too much cold, cloudburst floods, land covered with too many thorny trees and plants, too much sand, too many rocks. With not enough water and never

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enough grazing. No neighbors within five miles. No town within forty miles. Man alone, pitted against the elements, and all the odds against him.

It's funny, she thought, in the winter you don't feel or even think about the conflict, nor in the pleasanter days of spring or fall. It's pure joy then, with the desert days a blessing of clear air and sunshine, spring flowers and blossoming cactus, of blue sky and soft breezes. Such days more than compensated for the hard work; the dangers and discomforts add the isolation.

She felt strangely excited and contented in spite of the heat, even in spite of Ben. All her life, up until two years ago when she had left her office job to marry Larry, had been far too easy. How bored she had been! Maybe in five years I won't feel this way, she thought. But she was sure she would.

Near her on the porch, a folding baby carriage covered with a white netting swayed occasionally as the baby girl inside moved in her sleep. The five-room ranch home was empty and silent, and the hills and canyons were washed with the same deep, humming silence. The voice of the desert, thought Teresa, and she let it fill her mind and her whole being with a feeling of complete peace.

The sharp click of horse's hooves shattered the stillness. Teresa stood up. Ben was coming up the creek. Teresa's heart beat faster, and her mouth became dry. She went around to the back porch and took a cool drink from the canvas water bag banging in the shade. Her hands shook a little. Now that Ben was home, she'd have to saddle Princess and ride out for the mail.

Well, face it, she told herself. Man against the elements, and woman scared to death of a little three-year-old horse. No, filly. You should say filly. You want adventure. There it is. She only wants to kill you.

SOMETHING buzzed under the porch floor as Teresa stepped toward the kitchen door. Another rattler. She went into the house for the revolver. No, she thought as she loaded it, Ben says you're foolish; she doesn't want to kill you—that's only in your mind. Don't let Princess know you're afraid of her. Make her understand you're boss, and she'll behave. Teresa fetched a mirror from the bedroom and went out back into the sunlight where two dusty black cats, their back hair bristling, strutted in front of a two-foot-square opening under the house. Princess has too much pride to give in, Teresa thought unhappily; she hates me, and she'll fight it out with me to death. She tilted the mirror so that sunlight was reflected into the opening. The snake's coils gleamed dully in the light, and Teresa fired three times. The snake writhed, its rattles singing in fury. The baby on the porch woke up and howled, and the cats streaked toward the barn.

All right, when it comes to a showdown, I'm a coward, Teresa thought, reaching for a rake leaning against the house. She dragged the snake out into the open and hacked at it sharply. I wouldn't even mind, she told herself, only Ben minds, he's not afraid of anything. He's just like his father, but without Larry's tolerance of another's weakness. Larry taught him that being afraid is to suffer unnecessarily, and now it's Ben's religion never to be afraid. Even when I tell and the baby decided to come early, she remembered, and Ben was the only one here, he never lost his head. He helped me into bed, fetched and carried, then rode for Myra Wells, without turning a hair. He wasn't any more afraid than I was. I wish he had been. Then maybe he'd understand. It doesn't take much courage to do things you aren't afraid of, she told herself, but she found scant comfort in the thought.

The snake was dead, its head smashed,

its back broken. Teresa stared. It was a female with seven young about to be born. A nice nest that would have been underfoot, she thought. She buried the remains out in the wash. A fox or coyote would dig them up for a midnight snack.

Teresa met Ben at the door. He looked tired and dusty. He greeted her curtly. Here, a man at sixteen, thought Teresa, looking up at him.

After he'd hung up his chaps and spurs, Ben took off his jumper, washed at the sink, then sat at the kitchen table in his sweat-soaked white tee shirt. He loaded his plate with the cold beef, potato salad, pickled beets and biscuits. At least he can't complain about the cooking, thought Teresa. It's certainly an improvement over beans and bacon every day. She fetched a lemon pie and put it on the table, too. Ben asked about the shooting. She told him and he nodded in approval but no surprise.

For a while the only sounds in the room were the clink of Ben's knife and fork and the soft, sweet murmurs of the baby girl in her carriage, which Teresa had wheeled into the kitchen. Ben looked over at Dennie once or twice but he said nothing to her or about her. He seldom showed much interest in her. He said children hadn't much personality until they were past two. He has his ideas, thought Teresa, amused.

"West spring is dry," Ben offered finally, his first hunger appeased. "It's lucky Dad pulled the cattle out of there. We sure need rain."

"I wonder how they're doing on the forest lease," said Teresa.

He gulped milk. "The rains are starting up there. They'll pull it alone now. Dad should be home next week at the latest." He glanced up at her. "You can go any time now," he said. "I'll be here."

She stared at the table. "Couldn't I wait until Saturday?" she asked slowly. "We're not really expecting any mail." She looked at him then and tried to keep appeal out of her eyes.

Ben looked at her a moment. "That's what you said last mail day," he said coldly, "and you didn't go then. But there could be a message from Dad, you know." His expression was puzzled and a little contemptuous. "I can't understand it," he added impatiently, "why you're in such a sweat over that filly. All she needs is a little riding and discipline. Dad and I never have any trouble with her. She's fast and strong, and plenty smart in the rocks. And we're going to raise some beautiful colts from her. But she needs to be worked, and we can't use her on the range yet."

"All right," Teresa said resignedly. Larry had given her the filly, but Beo had broken and trained her, so he ought to know. "When you take Dennie to the barn with you, be sure the netting is over her carriage," Teresa said.

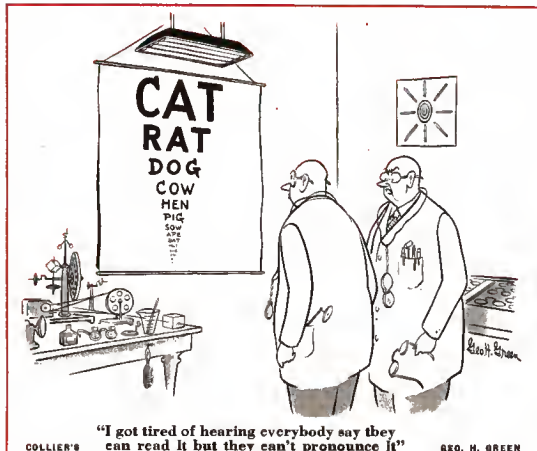
Ben nodded and went on eating, slumping a little. He had been riding fence all morning. Now he had a corral gate to fix, a horse to shoe, and a cow to doctor, besides his regular chores. He split and buttered a biscuit, poured sirup over it, and ate hungrily.

TERESA walked through the back corral toward the shady corner enclosure where Princess was kept alone so she couldn't fight with the geldings. Now I'm in for it, she thought. The filly ran from her, bucking, her tail switching, her ears back. If I didn't have the rope, she'd come for me, Teresa thought uneasily. Just like the time I tried to curry her in the corral and she turned on me, even before she finished the hay I brought her. I barely made it under the fence that time. She hates me, she told herself unhappily, and I hate her.

"Come on, now," she said quietly to the filly, "come on, little Princess." Little, my eye, you weigh only ten times as much as I do. "Come oo, baby." Princess stood in one corner, rigid, her back to Teresa. She'll kick the daylight out of me if I try to get near her, Teresa thought. How would Ben do it? Oh, he'd just walk right up to her, put his arm over her neck and talk sweet nothings, draw the lead rope around and fasten it before she knew what was happening.

Teresa went for a pan of barley. Now the filly tossed her head and condescended to come of her own accord. Teresa set the pan on the ground, tied the rope, and let the filly finish the grain before she led her around to the barn door. She brushed the dusty coat briefly and went for saddle, bridle and blanket.

Holding the left rein shorter than the right and jerking it slightly, Teresa managed to mount Princess who pranced in a tight circle, then started off at a dancing trot. The filly fought to get her head down, and Teresa jerked the reins gently and held them high and short. Princess drew back her ears and switched her tail. Teresa felt tense in the saddle. The hot leather burned through the heavy denim of her pants. A slight haze moved across the face of the sun, making the heat more unbearable. Cirrus clouds were forming, the humidity was rising. By eight there might be a little shower, more likely a wind storm, with dust to add to the discomfort.



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cattle have taken to high ground already." He mended the barn roof, then turned the milk cow into the back corral and gave her some hay, broke a bale of hay into the horse corral to keep the horses occupied and quiet, and tossed some of the feed to Princess. He cut extra wood and stacked it on the porch, then helped Teresa put the porch furniture in the living room and close the windows.

When Ben went to turn off the light plant, the flood from the early storm was already foaming down the creek, the water rising higher and higher until it washed against the fence. The creek was as high as it had ever been, and when the coming storm hit, adding its burden, the flood waters would eat at the corrals and threaten the barn.

BEN began to roll boulders and pile brush along the bank, trying to divert the flood. Teresa watched him from the kitchen window. He was working like a madman. He shouldn't work that way in the heat, she worried; he'll kill himself. In spite of his size, he's only a boy. She ran out to him.

Ben was gasping with effort, sweat pouring from his face.

"Oh, Ben, don't take it easy," she begged. "Can't I help?"

"No," he said, panting, glaring at her as he strained at a rock. "Go back and stay with your baby."

Hurt, she went to the house.

The wind began to come up. At first Teresa welcomed it, with its hint of dampness and coolness. Then there was a whining sound, and she was lifting right up as though the ground were lifting right up and coming toward them in waves. Ben, she thought, Ben, come back. He was propping open the gate of the corner corral. He ran back and swung wide the gate of the horse corral which was too near the creek and started driving the horses toward the other corral, and then the boy and horses and corrals and barn were hidden from sight in the dark. Pieces of barn roof whirled out of the muck; the house began to moan and sway; the porch roof lifted slightly, and there was a cracking sound.

Teresa rushed to the back door and ran outside. "Ben!" she screamed. "Ben! Come back." But her words were swept away by the shrieking wind. It's the end of the world, she thought, and she wept. Somehow she made her way back to the house. Inside, she ran to the window again, straining to see Ben through the swirling dust and debris. He'll be blown into the creek, she thought. He'll be hit by a tree or a piece of the barn. A corner of the porch roof lifted, timbers cracked, and part of it crashed and slid to the ground. The house may go, she thought; the porch roof would give it wings. She ran for Dennie, wrapped her in a blanket, hurried back to the kitchen window, and then stood there, waiting tensely.

Suddenly the wind eased and the rain came, in waves and torrents and sheets, conquering the dust. Then she saw Ben. He was lying on the ground, rain pouring over his stiff form.

Teresa rushed the whimpering baby back to her crib, then ran out into the storm, gasping in the cold downpour. "Ben!" she screamed through the pounding of the cloudburst, the roar of the flood. He lay there, his face in the wet sand. Blood, diluted by rain, oozed from a gash in the back of his head. She managed to roll him over, and the cold deluge began to rouse him. She helped him up.

"Lean on me," Teresa shouted. "I'll help you. Let's get to the house. Ben! Come on! Ben!" She strained to hold him, make him walk, and finally he responded.

Seeming with water, they made it somehow up the back steps and through the door. Then Ben collapsed on the



"... And I'm going to an auction today, so you'd better give me five, ten, fifteen, eighteen-fifty, twenty-three... six... eight... thirty... forty... forty-five..."
COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

kitchen floor, blood and water forming pools beneath him.

Teresa hurried for warm water and bandages, antiseptic and smelling salts. She slowed the bleeding and bandaged the wound, then brought Ben to and helped him to his cot. He lay there in his soaked clothes, looking at her as she sat on the edge of the cot and bled his hand.

"Something hit me," he whispered.

Outside, lightning split the sky and thunder echoed in the hills and canyons. The ground ran with water in trickles and rivulets and streams, and the creek was a wild river of muddy water, flooding its banks and rolling boulders and tearing out trees and vegetation and sweeping everything before it.

Ben looked white and sick, and Teresa was more afraid than she had ever been in her life.

"When it slacks off," he said weakly, "take Paddy and go up to Wells's. With that four-wheel-drive sedan of Hugh's, they can get through to town if anyone can." He touched his head. "I'll have to have stitches and a tetanus shot right away." He rested a minute. "I've seen that ear of theirs go over boulders as big as a washub," he added encouragingly. He closed his eyes.

"Ben," Teresa whispered. "I'll be all right," he said, but he didn't open his eyes.

Teresa fed Dennie, then dressed in riding clothes, and when the storm abated, she brought Ben some warm milk with brandy in it and told him she was leaving.

"I'll stay awake," he promised. "I won't let anything happen to Dennie." He drank the milk, and color began to return to his face.

Encouraged, Teresa grabbed her hat, went out quickly and ran to the corrals.

The sandy ground was sodden and torn with erosion, shredded storm clouds raced across the sky, a cloudburst still raged over the mountains to the east, and the air was cool and damp and filled with the rushing sound of water. Broken trees and branches and pieces of board and tin lay everywhere. The barn was a mess; part of one corral was under water, and Teresa noticed now that the gates of the horse corrals were still open and Paddy and the other horses were gone.

Appalled, she thought: I'll have to walk. But I'll never make it across the creek.

Princess! Teresa could hear Princess bucking and snorting wildly in her corral. You can take Princess, she told herself, her heart thudding painfully. She went around back and looked over the gate at the filly. A dead mesquite tree

had blown down, and a broken branch had caught in Princess' tail. The tough thorns were gouging at her as she ran frantically to escape her enemy. She stopped running when she saw Teresa and stood there trembling and blowing, her eyes black. She had never looked more wild.

Teresa opened the gate. Quietly, steadily, as if in a dream, she walked up to the filly. "Whoa, girl," she murmured. "Whoa now, Princess. Let's see about this." She ran a firm, soothing hand along the trembling shoulder and back, went around to the filly's tail and carefully began working the thorny branch loose from the long, wet strands of hair. The filly stopped trembling and stood completely still, as Teresa talked quietly to her. Once or twice a hair pulled, but Princess never moved a muscle. When Teresa finished, she grasped Princess by the mane and led her around to the front of the barn where the filly waited motionless in the debris while Teresa fetched a bride and put it in place.

Once saddled, Princess led Teresa mount, then went off through the gate and up the road in a smooth gallop. She passed the overflowing dam and reservoir, now dirty and speckled with leaves and twigs and branches, went up the road which was washed out in places and still boiling with water, through fine, wet creek sand which gave at times like quicksand, and into the lessening flood where the road crossed the creek, without breaking stride or faltering.

Teresa smiled. She was sure, she thought, and strong and fast and willing. Princess, you are a sweetheart. How did you and I get off on the wrong foot together?

She knew I was afraid, so she couldn't trust me, Teresa decided finally, as they turned into Wells's road.

NEXT day it rained again, a gentle, steady rain, the kind that did the desert the most good, soaking in, nourishing the land, not eating it away. To Teresa, sitting with Dennie on the porch, the millions of raindrops striking against the millions of thorns of the desert vegetation sounded like faintly remembered happy music of her childhood, perhaps merry-go-round music. And with nothing in the world like the cool smell of wet greasewood, Teresa sniffed gratefully.

In the afternoon, Hugh Wells brought a pale and patched-up Ben back from town. In the living room, they talked over cold drinks, while Ben rested on his cot. Teresa held Dennie, gave her a sip of lemonade now and then.

"Hugh wants to buy Princess," Mother Ben said, looking faintly.

Teresa smiled at them over Dennie's head. "Not a chance," she said. "She's mine. We understand each other now."

After Hugh had left, Teresa and Ben sat for a while in silence and looked out at the rain. Larry would be home soon and they would all be together again. Teresa sighed happily.

Ben looked at Teresa for a minute. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I'm sorry about things. You're a good egg."

"Nothing to be sorry for, Ben dear." Her tone was light, but her heart beat faster. "You're a good man to have around. The girl who gets you will be in luck."

"Ugh," he said, but he grinned.

Teresa stood and carried Dennie over to Ben and laid her on the cot beside him. "Here," she said, "keep your big brother company. I'd better start supper and do the milking."

She went out to the kitchen and built up the fire, then walked to the open door and stood there a moment watching the rain. The missing pieces were in place, the picture complete at last. A family picture, thought Teresa contentedly.

Collier's for September 13, 1952

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Rex (Character) Fletcher of American Forces Network's "Hillbilly Gasthaus" radio program in Germany gleefully reads his fan mail



Rhythm Ramblers are part of European Command's "Grand Ole Opry" soldier troupe, which brings mountain music to GIs and Germans through radio and tours

Now *EVERYBODY* Likes

Hillbilly music has traveled a long way. In Europe and Japan, millions of people are merrily do-si-do-ing

(Collier's correspondents—Stapleton in Germany and Kalischer in Tokyo—have filed the following report about the current hillbilly craze abroad)

ICAN'T wash Tennessee out of my hair," a somewhat bewildered global traveler recently remarked to a reporter in Tokyo. "When I was in Berlin everybody was singing hillbilly songs. And now look!"

The reporter looked. The auditorium of a primary school had been turned into a dance floor, and a couple dozen men were swinging their kimono-clad ladies in what was unmistakably an American square dance. A Japanese caller was putting the couples through their paces in well-scrambled Japanese and English: "*Totona to swingu, swingu shita atode, grando aachi o tsurimasho...*" ("Take your partner, swing, then make a grand arch..."). A record was playing Wahash Cannon Ball.

The American visitor shook his head wonderingly. "Boy," he said, "wouldn't Roy Acuff be surprised!"

Acuff, who is one of America's leading hillbilly singers, would find a lot to surprise him almost anywhere in the world where American soldiers have lingered long enough to leave an impression. The number of Japanese who have taken up square dancing is estimated at 3,000,000; on the other side of the world, official surveys have shown that about

50,000,000 Europeans, many of them behind the Iron Curtain, are listening to American mountain tunes over the Armed Forces Network.

The network was organized in wartime England originally to promote troop welfare. It followed our occupation forces across the Channel and established six stations with transmitters powerful enough to cover much of the Continent. Its mission was (and still is) to provide entertainment and information for the American forces, their dependents and U.S. government employees. But network polls indicate that GI listeners are outnumbered, 15 to one, by the local folk. And they show further that, from a selection of classical, swing, jazz and dinner music, the natives' favorite is hillbilly music.

The AFN now devotes almost 10 per cent of its 133 hours of weekly broadcasting time to fiddle-scrapping folk music. The most popular show is Hillbilly Gasthaus (Gasthaus is German for tavern or inn), a daily half-hour, all-request program whose *Plattenspieler* (disk-jockey) is thirty-one-year-old Sergeant First Class Rex Fletcher of Fort Worth, Texas.

Fletcher's German listeners find him astonishing and wonderful. A columnist for the Hamburg Funk-Wacht, a radio paper, noted approvingly that he "jokes, flirts, whispers, cries and laughs, just as the records call for," and an editorial in the same paper commented severely that German broadcasters would do well to capture a little of the American's "spirit of improvisation."

Besides its record programs, the network presents live hillbilly performances by soldier groups bearing such names as the Rhythm Ramblers, the Cimarron Valley Boys, the Melody Pals, and Seven Texans and a Yank (the Yank is from Iowa). All of these units belong to a 32-man off-duty troupe known as the EUCOM (European Command) Grand Ole Opry, patterned after station WSM's radio program in Nashville, Tennessee, and presenting its homespun entertainment under Special Services sponsorship all over Western Germany.

The effect which all this Saturday-night-style stomping has upon a traditionally sedate culture is reflected in the hundreds of letters received weekly at AFN.

An electrical company in Holland asked—and got—permission to record the Gasthaus program and replay it through loud-speakers to 35,000 employees at its largest plant. A member of the royal Hohenzollern family of Germany asked for a complete listing of hillbilly records so he could start a collection. A guest at the luxurious Hotel du Rhone in Geneva, Switzerland, sent in a request for a lugubrious chant entitled Half as Much, by Hank Williams, because "It makes me to cry." (It's easy to tune in mountain music at the recently built DuRhône. The hotel has a push-button radio in each of its rooms. Button number one is AFN.) The cultured middle-aged scion of a high-society Munich family requested the words to Get Off the Floor, Hannah, as rendered by Red Ingle and his Unnatural Seven. He wanted to sing it at his next



It's hoedown time in Japan for over 3,000,000 natives who have taken to square dancing with enthusiasm. Class above is led by The Gate Swingers, an American civilian group in Tokyo

Straw and started the grand promenade heading south. By the time he left Japan, in 1951, the natives were cutting up like lifelong residents of the Ozarks.

Nihlo's work is now being carried on by The Gate Swingers, an informal group of hoedown enthusiasts led by Larry Keithley, a Pan American-World Airways dispatcher stationed in Tokyo. The Gate Swingers hold Thursday-night classes in the primary-school auditorium of Washington Heights, a U.S. Army housing development in Tokyo. Their most distinguished visitor is a member of the imperial family, Prince Mikasa, the thirty-eight-year-old brother of Emperor Hirohito.

Prince Likes to "Call the Squares"

The prince has taken to square dancing with a will. He flusters protocol-conscious officials by showing up at hoedowns all over Japan and occasionally calling the squares himself. He regularly attends The Gate Swingers' Thursday-night classes, arriving early, leaving late, and removing his tie when the calls start. The prince has shattered tradition further by bringing his wife to class—an act as unprecedented in imperial family circles as square dancing itself. She, too, is becoming an enthusiast.

Recently, the august Japan Folk Dancing Society, which is sponsored by the Japanese Department of Education to preserve ancient ceremonial dances, got on the hay wagon. The society now holds an annual square-dance festival in Tokyo.

American authorities in both Japan and Germany view the hillbilly trend with approval, for reasons best summed up by a U.S. sailor, a veteran of the Pacific fighting of World War II, who participated in one of The Gate Swingers' affairs. He came off the floor, flushed and grinning, and listened for a while to the Japanese caller. Then he said, "It's a far cry from *kamikaze* to *grando aachi*, huh? Much better this way." And he hitched up his pants and headed back to the whirling couples. ▲▲▲

Mountain Music

By **BILL STAPLETON**
and **PETER KALISCHER**

it, just like Saturday night Stateside

soiree. But if an aristocratic German's preoccupation with the posturings of Hannah seems strange, stranger things are happening some 5,500 miles away, where the citizens of Japan are going hillbilly their own way.

Square dancing was introduced to Japan in 1947 by a physical instructor from Denver, Colorado, named Winfred Nihlo. Nihlo, a civilian, went to atom-bombed Nagasaki as a military government education specialist. His job was to help the citizens of that ruined city forget their troubles through communal recreation. In a moment of inspiration Nihlo hit upon the square dance.

Although Japan's big-town sophisticates were familiar with fox trots and rumbas, the average citizen's brand of dancing kept the sexes severely apart. But the square dance struck the hoys as an eminently respectable way to put an arm around a girl and give her a whirl. Both sexes took to it enthusiastically, calling it "*Nihlo dansu*," and later, "*squaya dansu*." From a nucleus of 30 disciples taught by Nihlo, the craze spread all over the island of Kyushu.

Then, in 1949, Nihlo was transferred to the northernmost Japanese island of Hokkaido. He unpacked his well-worn recording of Turkey in the

Two avid square dancers, Emperor Hirohito's brother Prince Mikasa and his wife, swing it with Americans Larry and JoAnne Keithley Collier's for September 13, 1952



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TOBE

By
WILLIAM KINGSFIELD

I'M AN old man now and I don't get out as much as I used to. Sometimes I sit in the back yard, but I don't enjoy it because if I happen to look down along the river I can see the captain's house. It's just two walls and the chimney, all grown over with ivy and wild oak, and seeing it like that always reminds me of Tobe.

It's different when I'm alone. Then I sit in my room and if somebody bothers me I start thinking about the captain and the way things were before he died. Times like that, just rocking back and forth in the sunlight, I almost forget the captain ever had a son named Tobe.

He was a big man, the captain, and the strongest man I've ever seen. He had thick, curly hair and a black mustache and he always wore a white suit with a gold chain across his vest, and there wasn't anything he couldn't do just a bit better than any other man in these parts. He was the best shot and the best horseman and the best gambler, and he was just as much a hero to the children as he was to the grownups. He'd been in the war against Spain and whenever there was a parade it would make the chills go down your back to see him in his uniform with all his medals, riding at the head of the line with his eyes straight ahead, and times like that I'd wonder how he really felt about having a crippled boy for a son.

His wife had died the night Tobe was born, and the boy himself was a queer little fellow, more like an old man with his leg braces and his thin face and pinched smile, but I never heard the captain say a word against him. Whenever the captain went to New Orleans he'd never forget to bring back a present for Tobe and he even had a little saddle made so the boy could ride around the fields or go down to the village with him, but Tobe always kept pretty close to home. He'd play soldier games by himself, and sometimes he'd go out to the kennels and tease the dogs or walk down to the pond and look for frogs.

After the captain died, Tobe stayed with the minister until the captain's brother came down from St. Louis to get him. The brother wasn't much like the captain. He was more like Tobe, with hard, bright eyes and a vinegar look around his mouth, and he didn't have much to say to anyone. We all went down to the depot together, and when the train was coming in, Tobe looked at me and stuck out his tongue. The brother saw him and took the cigar from the corner of his mouth and frowned at the boy. "Well, now," he drawled, "you're a sweet one, you are."

Tobe's face got red and he climbed on the train, his body twisting awkwardly as he went up the high steps, and the brother threw away his cigar and looked at us. "Don't worry," he said shortly. "Me and the boy'll get along fine." Then he tipped his hat to the minister's wife and got on the train. Tobe was sitting next to the window, and everybody else waved to him as the train started, but he just sat there, staring straight ahead, and that was the last time I ever saw him.

I don't like to think about Tobe because it makes me remember how the captain died. I've never talked to anyone about that night and I guess I never will. I think about it a lot, but talking about it is just like looking at the captain's house. I just don't want to, that's all.



ROBERT W. DOUGLASS

The fire was spreading through the room. I picked Tobe up and carried him out into the hall

We'd gone to a cockfight that afternoon, and afterward we were riding back to the captain's house together. He was singing some of his war songs, and when we passed the bridge, he spurred his horse and beaded for the fence at the corner of the lawn. It wasn't much of a jump, but the horse stumbled at the edge of the road, and when the captain's foot caught in the stirrup, he went down against the fence like a sack of meal. The horse rolled over and got up, one leg lifted, but the captain just lay there.

When I got to him his eyes were shut, but he must have seen the horse's leg because he said, "Shoot him." I loosened his collar and lifted his head; then he opened his eyes and swore at me. "I told you to shoot that horse," he said.

"Maybe his leg will be all right," I said. He swore again and his eyes moved to the horse. "Can't you see he's crippled?" he said. "Shoot him." I said I would, and he closed his eyes. By that time the stable boys were there, and I sent one to get a gun, and the rest of us carried the captain to the house, walking slow under his weight. He opened his eyes as we were climbing the stairs to his room, but his face was like chalk, and he couldn't move his arms or legs when we put him on the bed.

I SENT the others downstairs and tried to make him comfortable. There was some blood on his mouth, and I looked for a towel, but I couldn't find one anywhere. There was a linen cloth on the table, though, and I lifted the big razor and the shaving mug and put them on the chair beside the bed and took the cloth and wiped off the blood as best I could. His face was still white, and I could see the sweat on his forehead; then I heard a noise and I turned and saw Tobe standing in the doorway. I walked over and took him out in the ball. "Your daddy's hurt," I said.

He looked at me and I patted his shoulder. "Don't worry, son," I said. "We'll get the doctor and he'll make your daddy all right again." He was staring into the bedroom and then there was the sound of a shot from the road. He gave a start and looked back at me and I said, "They're just shooting your daddy's horse."

"Why?" he whispered. "He hurt his leg," I told him. He stood there watching me, and finally I went downstairs. Most

of the servants were waiting in the front hall, and I pointed to one of them. "You, there," I said. "Go get the doctor and tell him to come out here right away." He ran out, and I sent the others back to the kitchen. It was getting dark, and I lit the parlor lamps and poured myself a drink of whisky. I had another; then I took the lamp from the sideboard and went back upstairs.

THE door was half shut, and I pushed it open. I walked over to the bed, holding up the lamp, and then I took off my hat because the captain was dead. He lay there, his eyes staring at the ceiling, and I picked up the tablecloth and laid it across his face. Then I walked over to the window. It was so quiet I could hear one of the women servants crying in the kitchen below, and I broke the lamp glass against the sill and held the flame against the curtain. My hands were shaking but I was doing it for the captain and I waited until the cloth started to burn.

Then I dropped the lamp on the floor and walked down to Tobe's room. He was standing there in the dark, and I picked him up and carried him out into the hall. The fire was spreading through the captain's room, and I could feel the heat against my face as I walked past the door and down the stairs. I opened the front door and carried Tobe outside. Down past the flower beds I stopped and put him down. He stood there without looking at me and I shook him. "Give it to me," I said.

I put out his hand, and I took the razor that I had left on the chair beside the captain's bed. The blade and handle were streaked with blood, and I shook him again. "Why did you do it?" I asked. He looked down at the road, and I turned my head, but there wasn't anything there except the dead horse lying next to the fence. He looked up at me, his mouth moving a little; then he turned and limped off into the darkness, his body swinging from side to side and the steel braces gleaming in the flickering light.

The servants were running out across the porch and down the steps, and I dropped the razor and stamped on it until it was buried in the soft ground. I could feel the tears in my eyes and I was shivering as I took off my hat. The fire was getting brighter, and I stood there alone, watching the burning house. ▲▲▲

It's Hard-Ridin', Two-Gun

Now that Dallas has a professional team, the National League is going to get an exhilarating look at how Texans do things. Its millionaire owners plan some gaudy surprises—like a pregame fire-engine parade and having short-skirted cowgirls lasso pass receivers during practice



Football, Pardner!

By BILL FAY



"Cowgirls, that's what we need—about six of 'em in short skirts ridin' big white horses."

"Now, you're talkin'! When we hit Chicago, we'll parade 'em straight up Michigan Avenue, twirlin' their ropes and blazin' away with six-shooters."

"Why not make it a real parade? We could dig up a couple of fire engines—load 'em up with players—and drive all over the Loop with the sirens wide open."

"Good idea. If we're goin' to outfit our boys in fancy boots and 10-gallon hats, we might as well show 'em off a little."

"You know, nothin' irritates me more at a football game than watchin' some tired old trainer runnin' out to the players with a water bucket durin' a time out. I figure we ought to fix up some kind of a water cart attached to a motorcycle. Then the trainer could go whizzin' out on the field—and we could plant a big Confederate flag on the front end of the cart to dress it up a little."

"Let's think about that flag idea some more, but gettin' back to those cowgirls, why not let 'em gallop up and down the side lines while our passers are warmin' up before the game? Then, when one of our players catches a long pass, a cowgirl could swoom in and lasso him on the run—give the fans a look at some real Texas-style ropin'."

THIS conversational prologue, transcribed from notes jotted down at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Dallas Texans Football Club, Inc., clearly indicates that some strange and wonderful things are about to happen in professional gridiron circles. Fourteen Dallas businessmen, millionaires all, have bought the first National Football League franchise ever granted to a city in the Southwest; and, during the last eight months, they have been happily engaged in making plans for a super de luxe gridiron organization, complete with cowgirls and mechanized water carts, which, coming from Texas, naturally will be the biggest and best pro football team in the United States.

Of course, all these electrifying developments may not come immediately. It must be remembered that Dallas' 14 millionaires acquired their franchise last January 24th by the bleak expedient of buying up the personnel of the now defunct New York Yanks for \$300,000. In 1951, the Yanks won one game, lost nine and tied two, strictly on merit. So, the Texans are starting in where the Yanks left off—at the bottom of the league. With a little luck, however, the 14 millionaires hope to work their way to the top in a hurry.

The task of building the Texans into a title contender has been delegated to Jimmy Phelan, a resourceful and highly successful coach who's been in the business 33 years. Since last February 7th, when Phelan took up residence in Dallas, he has discovered that working for 14 football filberts, whose combined financial resources reportedly exceed \$1,000,000,000 can be an unique and occasionally breath-taking experience. Example:

Several months ago, oil operator Jack C. Vaughn, the youngest of Phelan's millionaire hosses (he's 27), dropped into the Texans' office for a chat. When the conversation finally got around to halfbacks, Vaughn remarked:

"You know, Jimmy, it's a shame that a fine Dallas boy like Doak Walker—probably the greatest football player who ever lived—has to work for the Detroit Lions. Why, if we don't do something quick, Doak'll be down here playing against us in Dallas. Now, here's a starter"—Vaughn rummaged through his pants pockets and finally located a sheaf of \$100 bills which he slipped onto Phelan's desk—"I'm opening the pot for \$8,000. You get the other boys to match it. Then, you'll have about \$100,000 and you can hop up to Detroit and buy Doak's contract."

Regretfully, Phelan swept up the currency lit-

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EZZER

"What's money?" asks coach Phelan. "It can't buy halfbacks"

tering his desk into a pile and slid the wad back to Vaughn. "No use going to Detroit," Jimmy declared. "The Lions wouldn't trade Walker unless we gave them the \$100,000 and somebody to take his place. Right now, we don't have anybody who'd interest them."

After Vaughn had departed with the \$8,000, Phelan glanced at backfield coach Cecil Isbell, who had heard the conversation. "Money," Phelan said. "What's money? It can't buy halfbacks."

Team Traded for One Player

Despite the reluctance of other N.F.L. clubs to ship their established stars to Dallas, C.O.D., Phelan managed to pull off one voluminous player transaction which not only strengthened his squad considerably but also demonstrated that he had become completely oriented to the Texas custom of doing things in a big way. That was the deal which dispatched Les Richter, the highly publicized line-backer from the University of California, who was Phelan's No. 1 draft pick, to the champion Los Angeles Rams in exchange for what virtually was a whole football team!

Phelan netted the following 11 players: ends Dick Wilkins and Tom Keane; center Aubrey Phillips; guards Jack Halliday and Vic Vasicek; center Joe Reid, quarterback Dave Anderson, halfbacks Gabby Sims and Bill Baggett, and fullbacks Dick Hoerner and Dick McKissack.

The deal backfired on the Rams in a dismaying way when Richter was later ordered to report to the Army on August 1st for a two-year hitch.

In Phelan's opinion, Hoerner and Keane were the key men in the 12-player deal which the Texans' publicity department proudly hailed as the biggest in National League history. "Hoerner's one of the best running fullbacks in the league," said Phelan, "and Keane is a versatile fellow who can do a good job at end or halfback on offense, then double as a pass defense back."

"You know," Phelan continued, "the Yanks were a pretty good half-a-ball-team last season. They had one good offensive unit, one fair defensive unit, including the great end Barney Pool, but no reserves at all. If you look at the '51 records, you'll notice they usually tired and blew their games in the second half. That's why this Rams deal is so important. In addition to first stringers like Hoerner and Keane, we picked some capable reserves who can spell our regulars and keep them gassed up for the second half. Actually, the Rams deal ought to lift us out of the half-a-ball-category and give us a squad that can go 60 minutes at top speed. With a few breaks, we could come pretty close to winning half our games."

If the Texans play 50-50 football in their debut season, Phelan's entire roster of 14 bosses will be very happy, including Giles Miller and brother Connel, the textile mills tycoons; Harlan Ray, D. Harold Byrd, Jack C. Vaughn and Leonard Nichols, the big oil operators; J. Curtis Sanford, real-estate man and restaurateur; Harry and Don Stewart, the tractor firm executives; J. C. Thompson, Sr., president of the Southland Corporation; architect George Dahl; attorney Arthur Riggs; lumberman Fritz Hawn; and investment counselor John J. Coyle.

Club president Giles Miller, who negotiated the purchase of the Yanks' franchise for his associates, is thirty-two years old, stocky, dark, handsome and completely optimistic about the future of professional football in Texas. What's more, since young Giles can trace

his ancestry back to a great grandfather named Sampson Connell (who was Sam Houston's wagon master at the battle of San Jacinto), he ought to know something about the gridiron tendencies of his Dallas neighbors.

"The average Texan," Miller frankly admits, "is a football nut. Take me, for example. I go to the Jesuit High School games here in Dallas on Thursday nights and the Highland Park High games on Friday nights. Incidentally, a big prep game here in Dallas will draw about 25,000 people. Then, of course, on Saturdays I watch Southern Methodist play in the Cotton Bowl which holds 75,000 and was packed every game last year even though Southern Methodist had a losing season."

"What some folks don't realize," Miller continues, "is that Dallas's population of 500,000 plus represents only about one sixth of the potential football fans in this area. You've got to remember that 20 miles used to be a fair day's journey in these parts, either by horse or oxcart, so trading posts sprang up at intervals on all the roads fanning out from Dallas. Nowadays, these trading posts have become fair-sized cities, so you'll find hundreds of small towns and about 3,000,000 people within a 200-mile radius of Dallas. Down here, folks don't think anything of driving 200 miles to see a good football game."

Fortunately, the Texans' organization numbers among its owners just the man to whip up a fine frenzy for pro football among the citizenry of the small towns around Dallas. That man is J. Curtis Sanford, the fabulous founder of Dallas's highly cherished Cotton Bowl football game.

To form an adequate estimate of Sanford's promotional potentialities, it is necessary to review a few highlights of his improbable career. In July, 1932, Sanford, then a twenty-five-year-old steel puddler, departed Birmingham, Alabama, in a \$50 blower and headed for the East Texas oil fields. Within a year, Sanford (a pleasantly persuasive, curly-headed six-footer) had bought and swapped enough oil leases to acquire title to a producing well which provided him with an income of \$3,000 per year.

By 1936, Sanford had acquired several million dollars and a taste for football which prompted him to promote the first Cotton Bowl game between Marquette and Texas Christian. This sparsely attended affair cost Sanford \$10,000.

"We didn't promote enough," Sanford confided to a friend. "Next year, I'm going to stir up some commotion—let the folks know we're in business."

To ensure that there would be ample commotion for the second Cotton Classic, Sanford wrote to the band directors of each of the several hundred high schools in Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. In each letter, Sanford stated that he had been informed that the director had developed an organization whose musical presence would enhance the pageantry of the Cotton Bowl. Furthermore, if the director could find means of defraying his group's traveling expenses, Sanford would be looking forward to seeing the whole band in Dallas on January 1st.

Seventy band directors accepted Sanford's invitation. In a follow-up letter, Sanford advised each director to report with his band for pregame ceremonies in the lobby of the Adolphus Hotel at 10 A.M., on New Year's Day.

As might be expected, when an estimated 110 buses loaded with some 4,500 high-school musicians began to arrive in the vicinity of the Adolphus Hotel, a

certain amount of commotion ensued. Nor did the situation improve appreciably when the 4,500 bandmen dismounted and attempted to reassemble in the lobby of the Adolphus Hotel.

"Happily," Sanford recalls, "a good many of the boys and girls brought their tubas and brass drums. For about two hours, we had the darndest traffic tie-up in Dallas ever."

When the commotion finally subsided, very few persons in Dallas were unaware of the fact that a Cotton Bowl football game was being promoted in their midst. However, Sanford reaped even more spectacular publicity triumphs during his successful campaign to build the Cotton Bowl into one of the nation's outstanding New Year's Day sports spectacles.

For example, shortly before the 1940 Cotton Classic, Sanford was extolling the merits of the opposing teams, Clemson and Boston College, at a routine press conference when a reporter objected, "Curtis, that's all pretty old stuff. How about giving us something with a fresh angle?"

"Well," Sanford paused, reflectively, just long enough to light a cigarette— "have I told you about my pigeons?"

"What pigeons?"

"Why," Sanford exclaimed, seemingly vexed with himself for neglecting to have mentioned such an important subject, "I mean the homing pigeons which are being shipped in here from all over the country, and I'll tell you the story. At the climax of our colorful half-time ceremonies, a huge flower-hedged ball of cotton containing 47 pigeons will be carried to the center of the stadium."

"At a given signal," Sanford paused again, thoughtfully—"I guess we'll fire off a cannon or something that makes a lot of noise, the huge ball of cotton will burst open and 47 pigeons will mount to the skies, each of them carrying a message of greetings and good will from the great and glorious commonwealth of Texas to the governors of every other state in the union."

Where to Find the Pigeons?

Next morning, Sanford's pigeon pronouncements were front-paged in Dallas newspapers; and consequently, Sanford, who had plucked his good-will-flight idea out of thin air, literally and figuratively, on the spur of the moment to accommodate the reporters, suddenly found himself confronted with the considerable task of locating some four dozen pigeons in a hurry.

Sanford solved the problem rather neatly. Instead of going to the bother and expense of importing feathered messengers from such distant capitals as Salem, Oregon; Augusta, Maine, or Tallahassee, Florida, he called upon a man who raised pigeons in Oak Cliff, a suburb of Dallas, and rented 47 birds for the reasonable sum of \$25.

Subsequently, on New Year's Day, a cannon boomed (precisely as Sanford had predicted), a huge ball of cotton burst asunder, and 47 startled pigeons took off from the Cotton Bowl in 47 different directions. The whole business was a tremendous success. Later, Sanford's enterprise and promotional genius were the subject of numerous editorials in Texas newspapers.

For several weeks after the game, reporters tried vainly to check the transcontinental progress of Sanford's good-will fliers, but none of the 47 intrepid pigeons was ever seen or heard of again. Various theories purporting to explain their mysterious disappearance were advanced, including halibut storms, wanderlust and unfriendly hawks. Sanford

"We're going to keep that football flyin'"

refrained from telling anybody that all 47 pigeons, upon regaining their cannon-shattered composure, had returned to their loft in Oak Cliff, about five miles by air from the Cotton Bowl, about the time Clemson and Boston College were lining up for the second half kickoff.

In 1940, Sanford tendered the patent on his booming Cotton Bowl promotion to a Dallas civic committee. Since then, while serving as a consultant on Cotton Bowl affairs, Curtis has been busily and almost sedately occupied with running at least three businesses simultaneously, including his real-estate firm, a string of restaurants and a furniture manufacturing plant. However, since joining up with the Texans, Sanford has been percolating with promotional ideas reminiscent of his earlier Cotton Bowl triumphs.

Currently he is urging that all the Texans dress up western style on road trips—a publicity stratagem which undoubtedly would pay off heavily with the news photographers. When one of the other owners suggested that some of the players—notably Art Donovan, a tackle from New York City—might object to appearing in public in such unfamiliar Texas trappings as fancy boots, cuff-less pants, 10-gallon hats, silk shirts and string ties, Sanford roared:

"Object! Why, dur boys ought to be proud to let folks know they're from Texas. If there's anybody on this club who feels that way, trade him to the Green Bay Packers!"

Despite whatever spectacular gimmicks Sanford dreams up to ballyhoo the Texans off the field, there is every reason to expect that Coach Phelan's footballers will stage an equally crowd-pleasing show on the field. Phelan has picked up quite a few fancy football tricks since he was graduated from Notre Dame back in 1917. During his consistently successful collegiate coaching stints at Missouri, Purdue, Washington (Seattle) and St. Mary's, and later during his first professional appointment (1948-9) as head coach of the departed Los Angeles Dons, Phelan was noted for his wide-open offensive tactics.

Last fall, when Phelan took over the hapless Yanks on short notice at the start of the season, Jimmy quickly developed an exceedingly effective spread formation which will be incorporated in the T-formation offenses of several other pro teams this fall. However, even with his fancy spreads, Phelan undoubtedly faces the toughest coaching assignment in pro football this season because his Texans are in the power-packed western division of the National League with the champion Rams, San Francisco 49ers, Detroit Lions, Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers.

Coach Outlines Plan of Attack

Against this formidable opposition, Phelan proposes to spread his attacking forces all over the field. "We're going to put our quarterback Bob Celeri, a mighty good passer, about five yards behind the center," says Phelan. "Then, we'll split our ends out wide, close to either side line, and we'll spot our running backs—fellows like Buddy Young, a Negro star; Dick Hoerner and Zolzie Toth—out in the flanks, inside and slightly to the rear of the ends. That'll give Celeri five wide-open and widely separated targets to throw at, and be ought to be able to hit somebody."

"Of course," Phelan adds, "there's no law against Celeri running with the ball, either, once we get the other team's defense loosened up to cover our spread ends and backs. Either way, whether Celeri throws or runs, he ought to stir up some excitement."

Phelan's predilection for wide-open football ought to fit in perfectly with Sanford's plans for a wide-open promotional campaign, including cowgirls, white horses, 10-gallon hats, fire engines, pregame rodeos, bells, sirens, whistles and mechanized water carts.

"The big thing," Sanford recently confided to Coach Phelan, "is this: everywhere we go, we're going to make some noise and keep that football flyin'—let the folks know those crazy Texans are in town!"

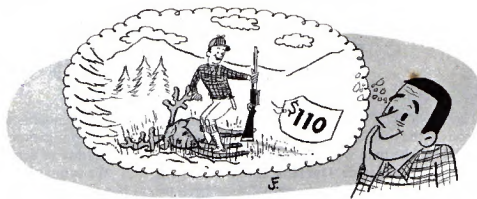
BUTCH



"Oh, come on now, Butch. You won't be taking us out of our way one bit. Will he, McHugh?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

Collier's for September 13, 1952



HOW WOULD YOU GET THE MONEY?

By WALLY CARD

IT WAS a case of love at first sight all right—that day I happened to walk by the hardware store and saw that 30:06 repeating rifle in the window. And when I went in and picked it up and squeezed off a couple of shots dry, it seemed to have my name written right on it.

I knew it wouldn't be cheap—and it wasn't. \$110, which was just about \$100 more than I had or was likely to have any time soon.

I tried to forget about that rifle. But I just couldn't. The deer season was only a few months away and with the old rifle dad had given me, I hadn't hit a deer in three years.

The next week I had a birthday. Much to my surprise—because I was a cigarette smoker—my wife gave me a pipe and a canister of Kentucky Club tobacco. Well, I had to smoke it some, just to please the wife—and pretty soon I was smoking a pipe most of the time. I had never before tasted a tobacco as mild and smooth and mellow as Kentucky Club.

Then I woke up to another discovery. I had a couple extra dollars in my pocket at the end of the week. Yessir, smoking a pipe instead of cigarettes was saving me about \$2 a week—and \$2 times 52 weeks is \$104.

You should have seen that big buck I got last fall. I call that rifle my Kentucky Club Bazooka—because it was Kentucky Club tobacco that showed me the way to better shootin' and better smokin'.



SAM GERMAN

Don't You Do That!

THE INSTITUTION of fatherhood has lately aroused the suspicion of Major General Lewis B. Hershey, the man who holds the unenviable job of Selective Service Director and who, in his public pronouncements, has not always been totally immune to foot-in-mouth disease.

Writing in a publication called *Selective Service*, General Hershey announced that the military may find it necessary to dip into the now-exempt pool of 900,000 draft-age fathers to meet its man-power requirements. And with the announcement came the chiding hint that some of the boys were starting families in order to keep out of uniform.

He explained that the Korean war set up a rather special situation: young men were put on notice that they might be called up sometime in the future, but meanwhile they had time to marry and to father an offspring.

This fact, General Hershey said, "always raises the question of the use of fatherhood as a method of avoiding service."

The general continued, in limpid prose, as follows: "If the armed forces must be maintained at anywhere near their present level, then deferment must mean what it was intended to mean—a delay, at most, in the fulfillment of a certain obligation.

"Under a concept of this nature we are faced with a resurvey of the problem for those who

gain dependents either because of the presence of the obligation or in the knowledge that the obligation of service must be met."

We sympathize with the general's difficulties, but we hardly think that his statement of them is a triumph of rhetoric or of personal or public relations. After all, fatherhood is a fairly old and frequent phenomenon. It occurs in times of peace and of war. It happens in prosperity and in poverty. It is fostered by a variety of motives, some deliberate and some inadvertent. It is not primarily a cowardly ruse, but an honorable, long-term commitment.

We do not think that it is possible for General Hershey or anyone else to determine how many young men of draft age would have had children anyway if there were no draft, or how many have chosen parenthood to duck military service. Deferment is a consideration which may have influenced some, and maybe many. But we believe that few of those young men could honestly say, "I have sired a child for the sole purpose of avoiding the draft. I would not have wanted children otherwise, and I have no interest in them other than as instruments of exemption." The motives and emotions of fatherhood are far too complicated and instinctive for any such flat assumption.

The underlying reason why young married men become fathers is no concern of the Selec-

tive Service people, anyway. It is not only humane but economically feasible for a country to avoid exposing the parents of its young children to the risk of death in battle as long as possible. Now, if General Hershey finds that military requirements can be met only by drafting fathers, he should say so simply and frankly, and more in sorrow than in petulance. And we can suggest better ways for General Hershey to spend his time than hitting draft-age fathers over the head. As Howard Whitman shows in his article, *Why the Draft Makes Our Young Men Angry*, on page 15, our draft laws make little sense and the enforcement of them even less. The general doesn't write the laws, but it is his responsibility to ask Congress to eliminate the inequities Mr. Whitman writes about. And he can bestir himself right now to see that the present laws are enforced sensibly and fairly.

We consider that the Korean police action or military action or what you will was a necessary and inevitable showdown with Communist aggression. But at the same time we believe that, because of its inconclusiveness, it is probably the most unpopular and misunderstood war that the United States has ever fought. Rightly or wrongly, neither military nor civilian morale seems to be particularly high. And such statements as General Hershey has made are not going to heighten it.

We regret that Congress has not seen fit to set up a more orderly and efficient system for procuring and training military personnel in the face of the continuing world crisis. But it has not. And so, if fathers must again be called to war, let the call be made in the name of patriotism, and in a spirit of reluctance and gratitude. Let us not hear from the Selective Service Director a suggestion that they are being threatened with induction as a sort of punishment for the natural and responsible act of contributing members to a new generation of the human race.

What Private Enterprise Can Do

IT MAY BE that some of the members of our government who are allergic to bigness in business would say that the International Latex Corporation is too large for its Playtex and should be forced to reduce. But after reading Bill Davidson's article about the company in this issue, we would guess that there are many medical men and patients who would not agree. International Latex is big in its field. It does a \$30,000,000 annual business. And it spends almost a million yearly on medical research, mainly for child health, and on other public services.

Of course, International Latex isn't the only corporation that uses part of its profits for education and research outside its own field. But from Mr. Davidson's account it seems to us that A. N. Spanel, the company's board chairman and the man responsible for its philanthropic program, typifies particularly well the modern executive of a big industry with a well-developed sense of public responsibility. He trusts the researchers to spend wisely.

When one contrasts this hands-off policy with the almost inevitable red tape that would accompany the same programs under government control, it would seem that International Latex has provided a further example of the benefits and opportunities that go with Big Business for a Big Country, and one that other corporations might well follow.

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The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky



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How to prove to
yourself Luckies are
made better—to taste
cleaner, fresher, smoother

Strip the paper from a Lucky by carefully tearing down the seam from end to end. Be sure it's from a newly opened pack, and that you don't dig into the tobacco. Then gently lift out the tobacco.



Here's why Luckies taste cleaner: You can see that Luckies hold together without crumbling—without loose ends to get in your mouth and spoil the taste. Lucky Strike remains a perfect cylinder of clean tobacco—round, firm and fully packed.



Here's why Luckies taste fresher: Note how free Luckies are from air spaces—those "hot spots" that give you a hot, harsh taste. Luckies' long strands of fresh, good-tasting tobacco give you a fresh, smooth smoke.



Here's why Luckies taste smoother: L.S./M.F.T., Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. So, for a smoke that's cleaner, fresher, smoother, for tobacco that's truly mild, for a cigarette that tastes better... make your next carton Lucky Strike!